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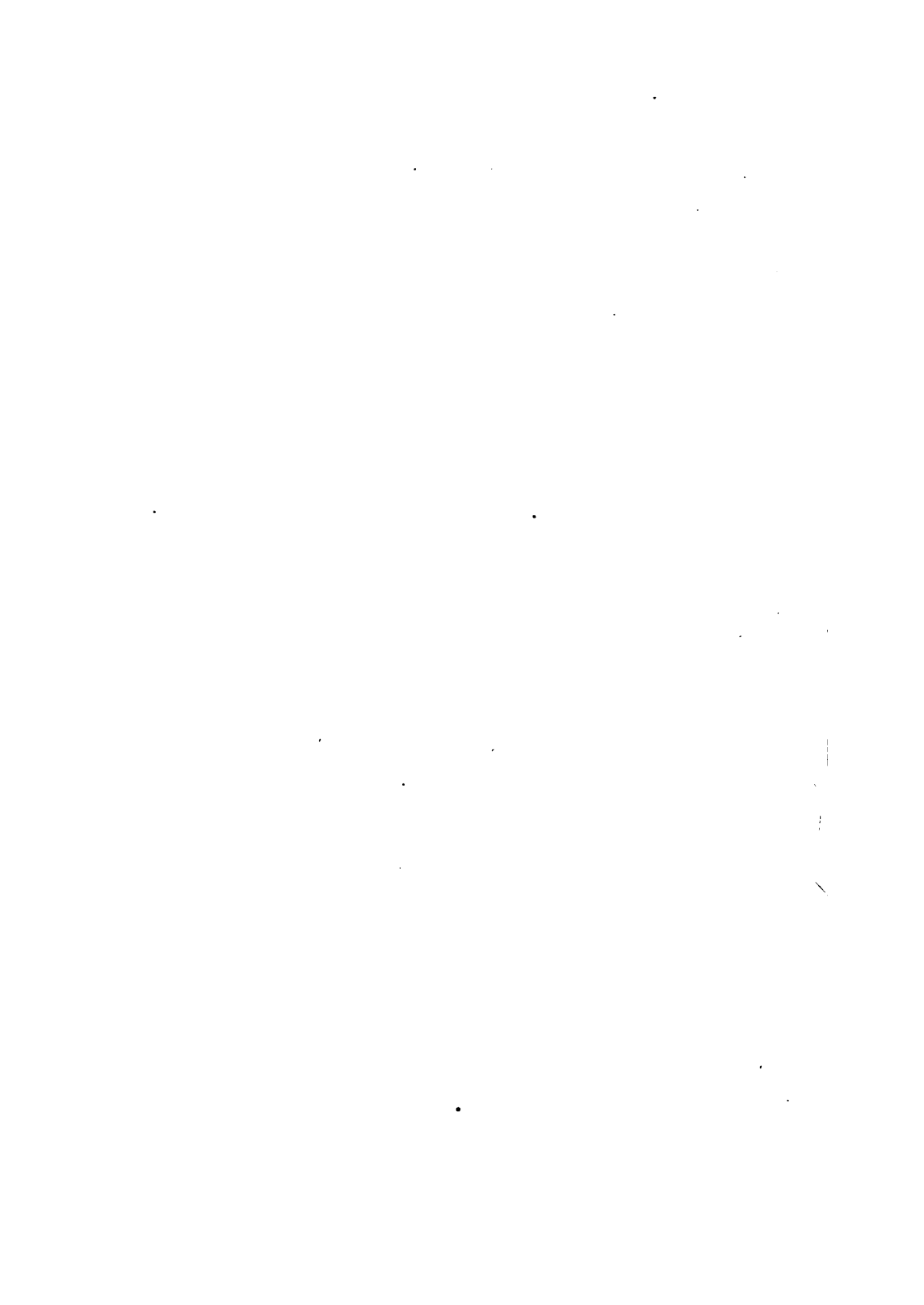




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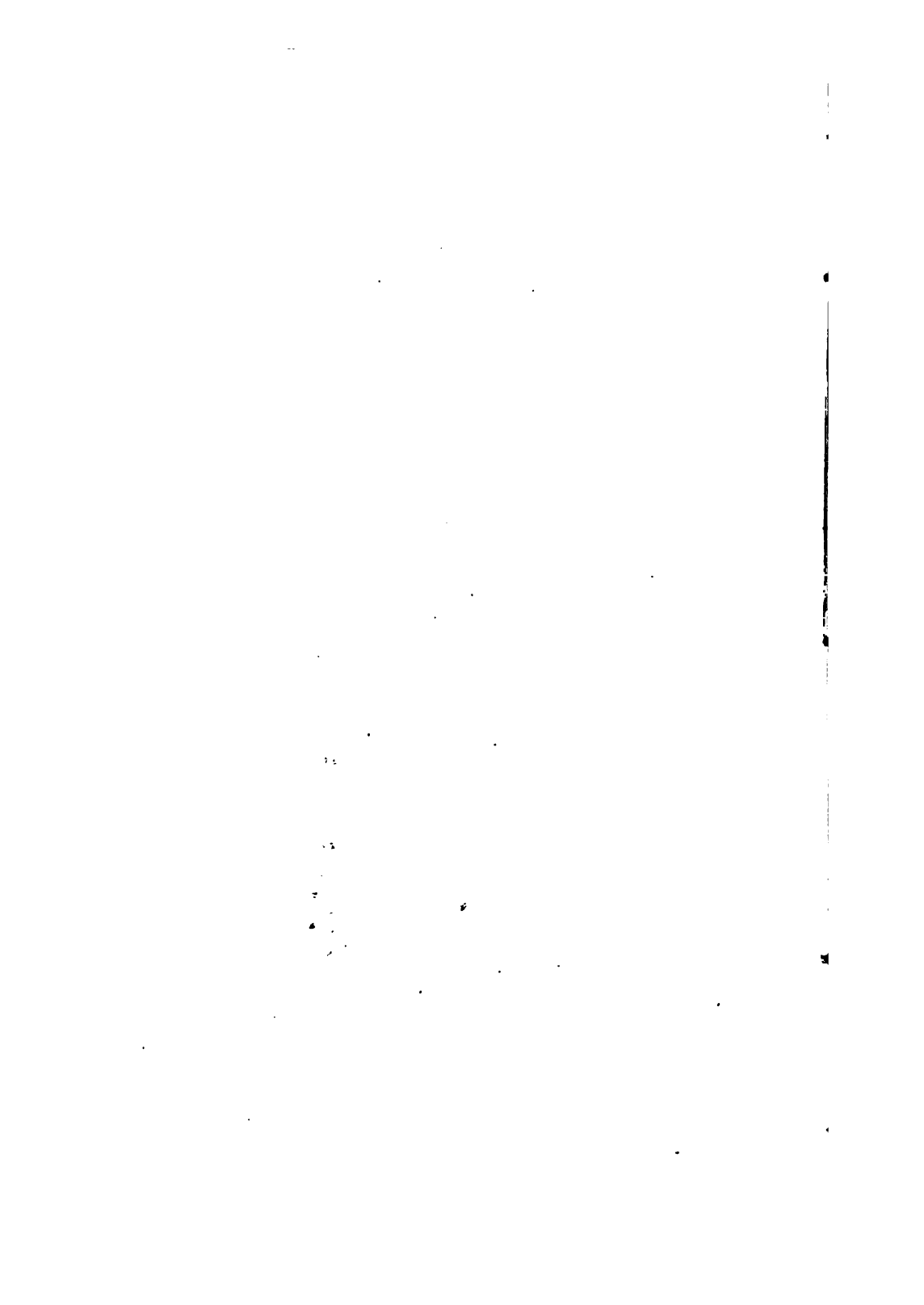


**Memoirs,**

**ETC.**







**A BRIEF MEMOIR**  
**OF**  
**THE LIFE**  
**OF**  
**JOHN GISBORNE, ESQ.,**

**TO WHICH ARE ADDED,**

**EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY.**

"PRAISEWORTHY ACTIONS ARE BY THEE EMBRAC'D;  
AND 'TIS MY PRAISE TO MAKE THY PRAISES LAST."

DRYDEN.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

PROVERBS X. 7.

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1852.

210. C. 113.



TO

MRS. JOHN GISBORNE

THIS

SMALL VOLUME IS DEDICATED

AS A MARK OF FILIAL AFFECTION,

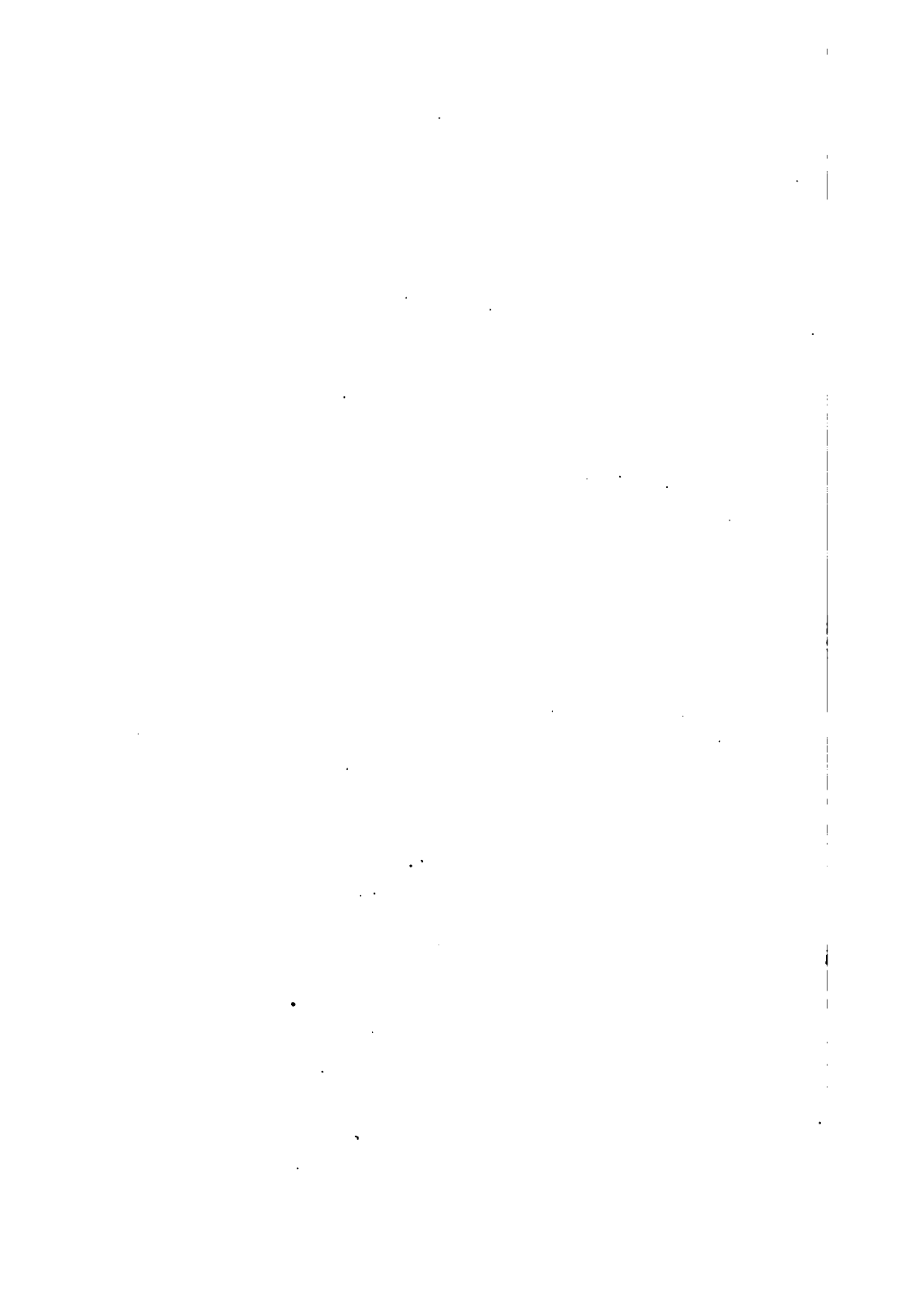
BY

HER ATTACHED DAUGHTER,

E. N.

PENTRICH VICARAGE,

NOVEMBER, 1851.



## INTRODUCTION.

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IN publishing the following brief Memoir and Diary, the Editor feels it necessary to explain the circumstances which have induced her to do so.

When her lamented Father was on his death-bed, he requested her at her leisure, after his decease, to look over his private papers, and to preserve, or destroy, as she thought advisable. In the performance of this melancholy office, she found so much that was interesting and valuable in his Diary, that a strong desire arose in her mind to select some portions out of it, and to have a few copies published for the benefit of her Brothers, Nephews, and Nieces: as in their present worn and blotted condition, (no care having been bestowed upon them) they would be unread by some of those, who, in a *printed* form, would peruse them with feelings of pensive pleasure.

Shortly afterwards, a wish sprang up in her heart, from love to the departed and surviving Parent, to prefix to the Diary a few of the pious and deeply interesting observations made during the closing scenes of her Father's pilgrimage. And which at last terminated in her writing the following little sketch of his life.

The Authoress feels that she has but very indifferently performed what she undertook, and would have rejoiced in seeing it achieved by some abler hand. However, she hopes the brief Memoir will prove acceptable to her near connexions, and his numerous friends. And should the little work fall into the hands of strangers, she fain would hope that the interesting records will amply compensate for the meagerness of the composition, and make them pass over its numberless imperfections, which are indeed beneath the criticism of any one.

Some persons will no doubt meet with many details in the Diary of little interest to themselves, but which to the family are *full* of the *deepest* interest, and for whose pleasure they have been selected.



ix.

Thus is this feeble effort to preserve the memory of a beloved and honored servant of Christ, ushered into the world with a sincere prayer, that it may both please and benefit all readers, and add to the glory of God.



# Diary.

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**MEMOIR**  
OF  
**JOHN GISBORNE.**

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**CHAPTER I.**

**BIRTH.—PARENTAGE.—EARLY CHARACTER.—DEATH OF HIS  
FATHER.—CHARACTER OF HIS PARENTS.—EDUCATION AT  
MACKWORTH.—HARROW.—COLLEGE.**

JOHN GISBORNE, the subject of this brief Memoir, was the second and youngest son of John and Anne Gisborne, of St. Helen's, Derby, and Yoxall Lodge, in the County of Stafford, and was born at St. Helen's, August 26th, A.D. 1770.

His ancestors had for several centuries been settled in the county of Derby. His father was a gentleman of considerable talent, of great amiability of character, and universally beloved. His mother was the eldest daughter of William Bateman, Esq., Wardwick, Derby; and when she was married to Mr. Gisborne on February 4th,

1758, all the bells were rung in the different churches, during a great part of the day; so much esteemed and valued were the young couple and their parents by the inhabitants of the Town.

Mr. John Gisborne's early years were chiefly passed at St. Helen's, with an occasional visit with his parents to Yoxall Lodge; where he early showed a love for the beauties of nature, which increased with his growth, and burst forth in his "Vales of Wever," written at the age of twenty-three, in the year 1793; although not published till a few years later. In his declining years he would speak of the delight he experienced when a child, in walking amongst the varied beauties of Needwood Forest. How the majestic oaks, the dark groves of holly, the tall fern, the golden furze, and the murmuring brooks down the tangled glades, filled his young mind with wonder and delight. He, also, was a great observer of weather; and his prognostications were found so correct, that his father called him, when only about five or six years old, "Little Weather-Wise."

His thoughtful and affectionate disposition were early developed. When quite a little boy he would refrain from playing near his mother's room when she was ill; and when he went past her door, he would go on tip toe, or remove his little shoes: so fearful was he of disturbing her. As another instance of his thoughtfulness, when a few years older, the following little anecdote is introduced.

On February 13th, 1779, his father died at Yoxall Lodge, and, before the day of the funeral, Mrs. Gisborne, with her family, removed to St. Helen's. She was in the deepest affliction for the loss of a most tender and devoted husband; and on the evening of the 20th, when she thought the mournful procession must be drawing near Derby, for the mortal remains of her husband to be consigned to the family vault, in St. Alkmund's Church, she asked her little son John to read to her, in the hope of withdrawing her mind from dwelling too much upon the solemn scene. When afterwards *alone* with his aunt, he said, "Aunt Fanny, do you think dear Mamma heard the bell tolling? I read *so loud*, as loud as I *could*, that she might not hear it."

In order to give some idea how deeply Mrs. Gisborne mourned the death of her husband, the following extracts are taken from some of her memorandums.

"On Saturday, February 13th, 1779, I experienced the greatest loss that was possible for human heart to feel; for upon that day died my most dear and faithful husband. I loved him from my infancy, and had the constant proofs of his sincere and tenderest affection. Twenty-one years of the greatest happiness we spent together, then came the parting hour, which has fixed a wound in my heart that can never be healed in this life; but this consolation I had, to receive his dying prayers and blessing. I trust that our merciful God will permit us to have a joyful meeting in heaven. His children

were the joy of his heart, and their welfare his constant care and regard. In his sickness he shewed the greatest resignation and patience, though his tender breast felt much for our sorrows. I can never forget his begging I would wipe the cold hand of death off his dear face, for it was all over him, and thanking me for all my care and love for him. Such a scene I shall never forget. Oh ! God, prepare my soul for heaven."

" February 4th, 1780, this is my widowed wedding-day ! No one ever felt more tender grief than myself for the loss of the best of husbands. I trust in the hope of a blessed meeting in heaven, and that Providence will spare my children to comfort me through this life."

" I am in perfect friendship with all my relations and acquaintance ; and trust I have a grateful sense of all their kindness. My children I love with a tenderness beyond expression, and to the care of a gracious God I resign them, who I hope will preserve them in the path of virtue through this vain life, and give us a joyful meeting in eternity. My heart is so overwhelmed with sorrow, for the loss of the best of husbands (to whom I was ever dear) that life is almost insupportable, and I am afraid my grief will make me unfit to assist those that are now dearer to me than life, the thoughts of this being my situation, makes me unhappy ; but I hope my ardent prayers will be heard by the Almighty, to bless my children, and make me a partaker with the saints in heaven."

Mr. J. Gisborne, (the subject of this brief Memoir) inherited his father's talents, and his taste for the composition of poetic verse. He often regretted that all his father's poetic effusions had been lost, with the exception of a little poetical letter of much simplicity, to Mr. Fitzherbert, of Tissington, of which the following is a copy.

“ DEAR SIR,

Hither you may in peace and safety come,  
 I've neither racket, rout, nor female drum,  
 No modern nymph to interrupt my bliss,  
 And that's (as matters go) not much amiss.  
 No female wit, with *entertaining* sense,  
 Such as may nauseate me, or give my friend offence.  
 Nor well-bred Vixen. Those, the learned say,  
 Politely thwart, and tutor all the day,  
 Fancy that men are stupid drones, and they  
 Born to direct, and all things but obey.  
 From these great blessings (thank my God) I'm free;  
 Don't take my word, but come yourself and see.  
 You'll meet a welcome, hearty and sincere,  
 With decent, wholesome, unaffected cheer;  
 No hoop to teaze with forms, or fashions fix,  
 No pompous table, cram'd with six and six.  
 I've nothing splendid, and I hope not mean,  
 ' Good of the sort (I boast) and neat and clean.'  
 The house is quiet, and the women still,  
 My friends may say, and do what 'ere they will.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN GISBORNE.”

Mr. J. Gisborne also possessed his mother's vigorous mind, and inherited her love for Botany; which study he pursued with unabated zeal through a long life; and he continued to make additions to his very valuable Hortus-siccus, till within a few months of his death. He corresponded with most of the leading Botanists of his day; and he was ever ready to give information to, or obtain it for those entering upon the study of *this* his favourite pursuit.

Early in January, 1780, he was placed at school at Mackworth, under the tuition of the Rev. John Pickering; who soon observed the germs of talent in his little pupil—became much interested in him; and for whom he retained, to the close of his life, the warmest regard.

In the beginning of 1784, he was removed to Harrow, where he early gained the affection of many of his school-fellows; and the marked notice, as well as lasting friendship of the head and second master, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury and the Rev. T. Bromley. Both of whom entertained a high opinion of his talents, industry, and general good conduct.

Mr. J. Gisborne in his declining years often reviewed with feelings of peculiar pleasure, his love for Mackworth and Harrow,—for the Rev. Dr. J. Drury and the Rev. T. Bromley. He beautifully alludes to these localities and their respective masters, in his Poem, "Reflections," published in 1833.

" O *Mackworth* ! scene of rural bliss and care !  
 Region of pastoral beauty ! Spring invests  
 Thy meadows with an early robe, with bloom  
 Thine orchards ; with a breath of living snow  
 She crowns each hawthorn scatter'd down the slope ;  
 From whence thy crofts and cottages appear  
 Bosom'd amidst their trees. Though winter reigns,  
 Let fancy, as if summer's smile prevail'd,  
 Place me aside those banks of thine ; where oaks,  
 Aged, and leaning o'er the dingle's brink,  
 First welcome morning light. There, as the sun  
 His new-created lustre spreads around,  
 Half lost in haze along thy vocal brook,  
 Crowd the dark-foliaged alders, while beneath  
 The willows, in their graceful beauty, bend  
 As if to listen. By degrees thy vale  
 Feels the diffusive radiance, owns its power ;  
 And from the turns and reaches of thy stream,  
 Uncurling vapours slowly mount the skies  
 Tinged with the passing glory. Mantle grey,  
 And chaste in hue, as ever nature's hand  
 Bestow'd on trunk of venerable oak,  
 Invests thy hallow'd Fane. Save where the spire  
 Ascends illumed ; and save where meeting full  
 Pencils of splendour, horizontal beams,  
 The eastern oriel, like a shield of glass  
 Pierced by ten thousand arrows wing'd with flame,  
 All glitters. The reflected radiance falls  
 Twinkling on holy turf, that heaves beneath,  
 And spreads a verdant covering o'er the graves  
 Wet with night's dew-drops ;—emblem of those tears  
 Which trickled down the cheeks of youth and age,



When the deep—tolling bell in yonder tower,  
 Pausing at solemn intervals, gave note  
 That he, their pastor and their friend,<sup>(1)</sup> no more  
 Sojourn'd on earth! He was a man in whom  
 Godly simplicity and learning pure  
 Met and adorn'd each other. Fifty years  
 Had heard, had seen him faithful to his charge,  
 Legate of heav'n. Blest guide, I knew thee once,  
 And now I love thy kindness to retain  
 In fond remembrance. O when time expires,  
 When the last trumpet shall awake the dead,  
 O may I join thee, and thy kindred saints  
 At the right hand of earth's omniscient Judge!"

" There is a fine mysterious chain in flowers  
 Linking their essences with time and place.  
 We hail their odours. In a moment's breath  
 The intellectual power perceives the close  
 Attraction; ranges o'er the past, and holds  
 Ideal converse with departed friends,  
 Revered and cherish'd.—Who that plucks yon flower,  
 The yellow primrose, unexpected guest  
 In autumn's day, and smells her breath so sweet,  
 So 'redolent of spring,' but hurries back  
 In fancy to his earliest youth; to years  
 Most valued now they 're gone? Me it conveys  
 To *Mackworth's* blossom'd valley; thence in haste  
 To *Harrow's* fount, where *BROMLEY's* classic hands  
 Held to these parched lips his chalice full  
 Of due *Castalian*; fain to look in smile  
 Of gentle approbation, ere that smile  
 Was won!"

(1) The Rev. John Pickering.

In 1788, Mr. J. Gisborne entered St. John's College, Cambridge; where he was most studious, and regular in his attendance at the Lectures. He was considered a good classic and mathematician. He read for honours, took his degree in 1792, and stood 7th Senior Optime.

During his residence in College, his religious impressions were not stifled; but rather quickened by all he witnessed around him. From the frequent remarks made in his Diary of his Mackworth, Harrow, and College sins, a person unacquainted with his real character from his earliest years, would naturally imagine he had yielded to the temptations to which boys and young men are exposed at school, and during a College life. But such was not the case. His remarks entirely arose from the very humble opinion he always entertained of his own character, and which he retained to the close of his life.

By his parents he had early been taught the principles of the Gospel, and he *never* lost his religious impressions. His veneration for his Bible; and his strict observance of all religious duties, were all noticed by his school-fellows and College friends. Early in 1800, he makes the following entry in his Diary, which proves his *prayers* had never been neglected, and by his steady growth in every christian grace, we know they *were* answered:—

“The neglect of saying my prayers, I thank God, can never be very heavy to my charge. True! but herein do I boast, God forbid; I grieve to think how little I

attended formerly (and even now I fear) to the words of my mouth. O! the service of the lips is *easy*, and *deceitful*; but the service of the *heart* God demands."

How few can look back with as clear a conscience on this subject as he did! And what a truly humble and christian spirit does he display in making the foregoing observation.

From letters discovered amongst some old papers, it would appear that Mr. J. Gisborne, when at College, was employed in seeking the spiritual welfare of those who walked in a more humble sphere of life than himself. Many years after he had quitted the University, he seems to have sent, at intervals, religious books and letters of spiritual advice to some individuals, who had either attended upon him, or worked for him when there. In a letter from a young man at Ely, who writes with much simplicity, there is expressed much thankfulness for the trouble Mr. J. Gisborne had taken to set before him and his family the truths of the Gospel when at Cambridge; and for the comfort in a late illness he had derived from the books and letters he had received. From the father of this young man, there is an interesting letter dated three years later, informing him of the death of *this* son and of two others, all of whom had died in humble trust in the merits of the Saviour of sinners. The father touchingly speaks of the debt of gratitude he and they felt for all the spiritual instruction they had received from Mr. J. Gisborne, and how much

his son, when on his death-bed, wished he could have seen him, to have expressed to him all his feelings of thankfulness,—to tell of the inward comforts he was then enjoying. These facts strikingly prove the *sort* of character Mr. J. Gisborne maintained during his residence at Cambridge.

## CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE.—RESIDENCE AT WOOTTON HALL.—HOLLY BUSH.—  
 ORGREAVE HALL.—BLACKPOOL.

ON leaving Cambridge, Mr. J. Gisborne returned to his mother at Castle Bromwich, where he remained till the following October, when, on the 13th of that month, 1792, he married Miss Millicent Pole, second and youngest daughter of the late Colonel Pole, of Radborne.

In the spring of the following year, he went to reside at Wootton Hall; where he frequently visited the poor of the parish, endeavouring to benefit them in various ways. It was during his residence at this place, that he wrote his "Vales of Wever;" which Poem was highly complimented by the Reviewers of the day: and he received many letters of praise from friends, and from persons of note and talent: but these were all destroyed, with the exception of two which had got mislaid amongst some very old papers. Mr. J. Gisborne's humility was so great, that he never could be persuaded to keep any commendatory letters; and many deeply interesting ones, acknowledging him as the instrument in the hands of God, of bringing them to the saving knowledge of the Gospel, have met with destruction, to the great regret of his family.

One of the letters which has escaped destruction is from the Rev. Joseph Clowes, vicar of Tutbury, and minister of Rocester. The second is from his cousin, Miss Hartley, sister of the well-known David Hartley, Esq., a lady of much talent, and many accomplishments. A copy of both letters shall here be given.

“ Church Somershall, Oct., 1797.

“ SIR,

“ Give me leave (tho’ a stranger) to enter your retirement in the Forest, and feebly to express in the close of the under-written verses, the gratitude I feel for the great pleasure your admirable Poem, entitled the ‘ Vales of Wever,’ has lately given me.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obt. and obliged Servant,  
JOSEPH CLOWES.”

“ A poetical address to Barrow-Hill, near Rocester, Staffordshire.

“ Far from the paths of luxury and pride,  
Health in my train, and ‘ Freedom by my side,’  
On your enchanting heights I seem to stand,  
And view the wonders of the happy land,  
The laughing morn, the gales that round me blow,  
New life, new vigour, on my frame bestow.  
Oaks of majestic form before me rise,  
And Wever’s Hills that bear th’ incumbent skies.

O'er verdant vales my fancy wings her flight,  
 And distant Needwood strikes the ravished sight.  
 Here glitt'ring (1) Spires in airy state ascend,  
 There Ruins nod, and graceful (2) Arches bend,  
 Waves the gay flow'ret here its blushing head,  
 There wand'ring rills their glassy surface spread;  
 While Dove's loud accents fill the sounding shore,  
 And low-brow'd rocks reverberate his roar.—  
 O might yon vales some nobler Bard inspire,  
 Charm his pure soul, and animate his lyre!  
 'Tis done: Gisborne! obedient to thy will  
 The smiling landscapes bless their Poet's skill;  
 On thy rich page such beauteous scenes I view  
 As raptur'd Claude, great Nature's darling, drew.  
 A fading wreath the wood-nymphs weave for me,  
 The deathless Amaranth reserve for Thee."

" Belvedere, Aug. 7th, 1797.

" I could not write—I have done nothing but read, since I received the Vales of Wever; for which I beg you, my dear Sir, to receive my acknowledgments. I am extremely delighted with the picturesque scenes and the noble sentiments. The descriptions please me, as a lover of landscape; and particularly the portrait of the huge oak, the tall ash, the silver birch, and the crimson rival of berried thorn; which I wish I could delineate as well, with the pencil; but though I have often attempted

(1) The spires of Ashborne and Uttoxeter.

(2) The bridges over the Dove, at Norbury, and over the Churnet, at Rocester.

it, I find, by your lines, I have omitted many of the most striking beauties. Of the oak, you give more picturesque circumstances, with an entertaining and a just description of the insect armies, and the awful spider. The pictures of wintry scenes (less common in poems, than those of summer gales) are characteristic; and I think the hare, the fieldfare, and the village dog shrinking from the storm, and stealing to rest, are new thoughts. The sheep remaining alive after being immersed for several days in the snow, is entirely new to me. So are many other circumstances, on which you have given notes; particularly the pellucid piles in the caverns about Dove Dale. The shrikecock likewise is a bird with whom I am unacquainted, but whom you describe beautifully. But I must not enlarge too much on the descriptions that please me; for on the sentiments I set still a higher value. The just testimony you bear to my friend Gilpin's taste and virtue, gratifies my feelings; and when you speak of the injured Poles, the cold and horrible cruelty of the Empress Catherine, and the sublime virtue of Washington, I join issue with you completely.

“I did not intend to trouble you with any more remarks on the picturesque parts, but I cannot omit the children gathering bilberries, nor the poor but contented peasants, in the preceding Canto. Neither can I omit the moral and affecting lines on the changeable course of events in human life, in the last Canto.

“Let me now express my cordial wishes that your existence and that of your family may roll on, from year



to year, with cloudless skies, and that I may sometimes be witness of your happiness. I regret that you and all your relations live in a country so distant from me ; but Miss Bateman tells me that you have some thoughts of making a visit to Mrs. Wilmot after Christmas, and I shall rejoice in that opportunity of seeing you, and of being introduced to Mrs. J. Gisborne. Pray present my compliments and my brother's to her, and to all the rest of our friends.

I am, my dear Sir,  
Your obliged and affectionate Cousin,  
MARY HARTLEY."

Mr. J. Gisborne purchased Holly-Bush from Lord Bagot, to which place he removed with his family in November, 1795. In the year 1806, Government gave orders for the enclosure of Needwood Forest, and Mr. J. Gisborne finding, with his large and increasing family, that he could not afford (without running a risk of injuring his family) to purchase some beautifully wooded elevations of the adjacent Forest, and which, if cut down, would seriously injure the beautiful scenery surrounding Holly-Bush ; he resolved to sell his estate, as he could not bear the idea of a place to which he was become so ardently attached, being despoiled of any of its varied beauties, and which must be the case if he retained the property in his own hands. He, therefore, sold Holly-Bush to Mr. Hall, though doing so, cost him many a sigh, and many a tear ; and it was not till about twenty years had glided away, that he could bring himself to

his old, and much beloved residence ; and never but that one visit did he pay to it. His feelings on that occasion he would describe in the words of <sup>(1)</sup> Mr. Mundy :—

“ Yes, Holly-Bush !—endeared spot !  
 Forsaken long, but ne'er forgot !  
 Yes, Holly-Bush ! through all disguise  
 I know thee, but with watery eyes !  
 With thee what warm emotions start !  
 What passions press upon my heart !  
 Quick rushes my own change to view ;  
 And wounds, yet tender, bleed anew.  
 I come not now to treasur'd sweets ;  
 Blank my approach ; no welcome greets ;  
 No lifted sash, no smiling face  
 Salutes me, joyous from the chase ;  
 No ready grooms my call await ;  
 Leaps on its hinge no friendly gate ;  
 Not for my meal that kitchen's blaze ;  
 Thy people on a stranger gaze.  
 Yet, as my doubtful step withdraws,  
 Fresh memories plead for longer pause ;  
 While mixes with each faint farewell  
 What only struggling sighs can tell.”

And concluding with much regret for the removal of an eminently beautiful Sycamore close to the house, he would add with falling tears :—

(1) F.N.C. Mundy, Esq., the Author of the Poems, “ Needwood Forest,” and “ The fall of Needwood,” resided for some years at Holly-Bush.

" It gave my window breezes sweet,  
 And shelter when the tempest beat;  
 When wild bees humm'd its boughs among,  
 Or cooing stock-dove watch'd her young,  
 Oft have I sat beneath its shade,  
 And bless'd my children, as they play'd."

In October, 1806, Mr. J. Gisborne quitted Holly-Bush for Orgreave Hall, which place he rented from Lord Anson.

For some years Mrs. J. Gisborne's strength had been gradually declining; and early in 1812, she lost the entire use of her limbs. The celebrated Dr. Denman ordered her to be removed to some bracing sea-place; and he predicted, with perfect rest and *time*, she would have the power of her limbs restored. That year she was conveyed with great care to Blackpool, and she derived considerable benefit from a few months' residence on that coast. In 1814, she was again taken to Blackpool, but the journies undoing all the good she derived from the sea air, Mr. J. Gisborne decided upon breaking up his establishment at Orgreave, and removing with his family, to reside at Blackpool, in the hope of having Dr. Denman's prediction verified. And it was not till nearly six years of *complete* loss of power in Mrs. J. G's. limbs had passed away, that it pleased a merciful God to restore her the long lost use of them. It had been a long season of severe trial to Mrs. J. Gisborne, but which she had borne with marked christian patience, and cheerfulness.

The removal of the family from Orgreave was a source of sorrow to the inhabitants of the parish and neighbourhood: for *wherever* Mr. J. Gisborne resided, he gained the esteem and affection of all who knew him—both of the old and young, rich and poor. Here, also, he left behind him marks of his christian labours. He had not only got a Bible Society established in the parish, but left it *flourishing*: and a large school was on the eve of being built.

Many of the inhabitants of Newborough (the parish in which Holly-Bush stands) came over in a body to take a last look and farewell of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gisborne. While they were in the neighbourhood, they felt they still had their friend and counsellor within their reach; but now he was leaving for a distant residence, many entertained a feeling, that they should see him no more in this world—at all events he would be too far removed for them to experience any more of his christian visits and council.

On the morning of March 10th, 1815, Mrs. J. Gisborne and her family set out upon their Journey from Orgreave Hall to Blackpool—Mr. J. G. remaining till after his sale had taken place.

When he visited Blackpool, in 1812, that bathing-place was then quite in its infancy, and only contained four Hotels, with a small number of houses for the use of visitors. There was no Church or Schools. The parish

Church was above three miles distant: and the people were devoid of all religious advantages. The annual Fair was held on the Sunday; and drunkenness and immorality abounded in the place. This state of things pained Mr. J. Gisborne exceedingly; and the sudden death of a young man, occasioned by a fall from his horse in a state of intoxication, when on his way home after attending the fair, made Mr. J. G. not lose a day in going to visit the poor, expostulating with great seriousness, coupled with affection, upon the awful state in which they were living. He, also, called upon all the respectable inhabitants, and the masters of the different Hotels, imploring them to endeavour to get rid of the Sunday fairs, as they could not expect to prosper, while such glaring profanation on the Sabbath was continued.

When Mr. J. Gisborne went to Blackpool, in 1814, he pursued the same line of conduct, and during his short visit there, he was most indefatigable in his exertions for the welfare of the inhabitants.

In memorandum, dated August 7th, 1815, he writes:—

“Yesterday was what is called a Blackpool Sunday fair. How I thanked God that there were no carts full of provisions, fruits, etc., etc., as on a memorable Sunday three years ago. The fair yesterday consisted of crowds of people out of the country walking near the shore, and nothing of disorder, beyond one instance of drunkenness, have I as yet heard of. This is a mercy, and I hope the remonstrances and warnings three years ago, had the blessing of God upon them.”

From this time the Sunday fairs were altogether discontinued. But Mr. J. Gisborne did not rest satisfied with having accomplished the removal of this evil, but immediately set about forming plans for the erection of Schools, for the instruction of the rising generation, with a hope that much learnt in them might be carried home to the ignorant parents, and eventually prove a spiritual blessing to them also.

Mr. J. Gisborne was a perfect stranger in the county, but in such a cause he did not hesitate to solicit the aid of all the influential inhabitants of Blackpool and the surrounding neighbourhood. He procured the list-books of Visitors from all the Hotels and Lodging-houses, and several hundred letters he wrote to persons in many different counties, who were in the habit of visiting that coast: which frequently kept him up until two o'clock in the morning. The labour and expense attendant (besides his own donation) were very great, but both were met with by a willing, cheerful, and generous spirit. Through life Mr. J. Gisborne invariably felt, that he never could sufficiently show his *deep* feelings of gratitude and love to his God and Saviour; so that he was continually looking out for some work, in which he might be enabled to advance His glory. And notwithstanding all his great and good acts, he, in his declining years, yea, on his *death-bed*, deeply lamented he had done *so little* in the Lord's service.

It was remarkable how the blessing of Almighty God accompanied the letters he wrote, for out of the many

hundred applications for assistance, he did not receive *one* refusal !

In due time two large school-rooms with a house for the master were erected, and an excellent garden attached for the master's use. To these schools Mr. J. Gisborne would repair, whenever he had a spare hour, for the purpose of examining and instructing the children. He, also, devoted much of his time to them on a Sunday, taking the elder branches of his family to assist in teaching the young. The seed sown by him in that school, did bear fruit in many a young heart ; and there were instances, in which this spiritual seed had been carried home and planted in the hearts of the parents ; and which vegetated, and in process of time, brought forth the fruits of a religious life.

When this good work was accomplished and flourishing, Mr. J. Gisborne then began to put his shoulder to the wheel, in behalf of a Church. And when Sir Matthew Blakiston, and the Rev. T. Grimshawe, came with their families to Blackpool in the summer of 1818, he lost no time in communicating to them his anxiety to have a Church and Parsonage erected ; and for the establishment of a *resident* Clergyman. They viewed matters in the same light as himself, and immediately co-operated with him in the undertaking. A Public Meeting was called, when resolutions for the furthering of this plan were passed, and eventually carried out.

Sir M. Blakiston was most liberal in his donation towards the Church-fund, and the Rev. T. Grimshawe gave according to his ability.

In the previous year, 1817, Mrs. J. Gisborne suddenly perceived that power was being restored to her limbs; and in a few months she was once more able to walk out of doors. But from eminent medical men she received strict injunctions to move with caution for some time, and on no account must she be removed from Blackpool before the following year.

In the Autumn of 1818, Mr. J. Gisborne bid farewell to Blackpool as a residence, wishing to live more within reach of his relations and valued friends.

When Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Poulton, (an eminent Solicitor, and a gentleman of great piety,) heard of Mr. J. Gisborne's intended removal, he made the following striking observations:—

“ Yes! now you may leave us. God sent you here for a special purpose:—to perform a great and good work; part you have finished, and the remainder is all ready for being accomplished, therefore, He has now restored to Mrs. J. Gisborne the use of her limbs, and He is permitting you to leave, and to go and execute other work in His extensive vineyard. *You* have been the instrument in the Lord's hands of setting down the Sunday fair, establishing Schools, and leaving a Church on the point of erection.”



At a Committee Meeting held at Forshaw's Hotel, Blackpool, August 13th, 1819, for the purpose of taking into consideration the progress made in the erection of the Church, Sir John Heathcote being in the chair, and Robert Peel, Esq., the Rev. T. Grimshawe, and many other influential gentlemen being present, the following was resolved :—

“ That this Meeting is peculiarly sensible of the persevering exertions of John Gisborne, Esq., in promoting the success of this undertaking, and feel themselves called upon to approve and to ratify the measures adopted by him, and to express their cordial and unanimous thanks.

Signed,  
JOHN HEATHCOTE.”

The above was sent to Mr. J. Gisborne, at Darley Dale, by the Rev. T. Grimshawe, who concludes his letter as follows :—

“ And with sincerest thanks for your unremitting, as well as successful, exertions in this good cause,

“ I am ever, my dear Sir,

Yours truly and affectionately,

T. S. GRIMSHAWE.”

On July 6th, 1821, the Church was consecrated, and the Bishop confirmed upwards of 900 children! The crowd was immense, quite filling the Church-yard and road for a considerable distance. Such a day had never

before been witnessed in Blackpool ; and many were the tears of joy shed on that day—and many a prayer was offered up for Mr. J. Gisborne and his family within its holy walls, as well as at each supplicant's home.

“ Heaven prosper it ! may peace, and love,  
 And hope, and consolation, fall,  
 Through its meek influence, from above,  
 And penetrate the hearts of all ;  
 All who, around the hallowed Fane,  
 Shall sojourn in this fair domain ;  
 Grateful to Thee, while service pure,  
 And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
 For opportunity bestowed  
 To kneel together, and adore their God !”

WORDSWORTH.

There are still many persons remaining in Blackpool and its neighbourhood, who have a most grateful recollection of Mr. J. Gisborne. The writer was told by some of the most respectable inhabitants, as well as by some visitors at Blackpool in 1833, and 1843, that they believed numbers of individuals, both old and young, rich and poor, were through the instrumentality of Mr. J. Gisborne, then rejoicing in the presence of their God and Saviour in heaven ; and this remark might justly be made in many other localities, which will, most probably, not be known till all shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the use made of their respective talents. Mr. J. Gisborne's works *will* follow him, and form many a bright and precious jewel in the Redeemer's crown.

## CHAPTER III.

RESIDENCE IN DARLEY DALE.—DEPARTURE FROM DARLEY DALE.—  
TOUR IN SCOTLAND AND WALES.—RESIDENCE AT SHIRLAND.—  
WYASTON GROVE.—WILLINGTON.

IN 1818, Mr. J. Gisborne purchased a small property in Darley Dale, where he took up his residence with his family in the spring of 1819. He was now settled in an extensive parish, containing several hamlets, with a large and widely scattered population. In this parish he soon perceived the evil arising from the want of proper schools for the training up of the young; and with his usual promptitude he began to consider if here, also, he could not get a National-school established. Success again attended his labours, and in process of time two large school-rooms, with an excellent house attached for the master, were erected. A superior master and mistress were appointed to the schools, and the rooms were soon filled with scholars.

Mr. J. Gisborne now found his time fully occupied. He had his property to attend to as well as to instruct his two youngest sons; but still much of his leisure time was devoted to visiting the poor of his parish.

During Mr. J. Gisborne's residence in Darley Dale, he wrote and published his Poem, "Reflections," in which,

amongst a variety of events and scenes, he delineates some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery surrounding that lovely valley. Nothing escaped his observant and picturesque eye. He describes, with much beauty, the appearance of that valley, when the meadows were concealed in vapours:—

“ The moments steal away  
 Unnoticed as the zephyr’s viewless wing ;  
 And summer’s eve, though long, too soon expires.  
 O, when the heart’s best feelings are alive,  
 When the mind wakens to a grateful sense  
 Of life’s uncertainty ; these wood-like walks,  
 This ‘ glimmering landscape,’ can a peace inspire,  
 A joy with which no stranger interferes.  
 Nor less when midnight reigns ! Silv’ring each scene  
 Rises the moon, and to a sea of mist  
 Transforms the vale of Darley. Straight appear  
 Isthmus, and sylvan promontory, bay  
 And winding creek with snowy vapours fill’d ;  
 And dark along the imaginary deep  
 Far squander’d trees ascend ; resembling oft  
 Vessels at peaceful anchor. Thus the eye  
 And heart are charm’d ; and the attentive ear  
 At intervals discovers Derwent’s voice,  
 Like murmur from a tide on distant shore.”

There is considerable beauty, also, in his lines upon the rise of the romantic river Derwent, on the moors in the Peak, and as it flows on by Stoke through Darley Dale to Matlock:—

" But as the bee,  
 Humming from bloom to bloom o'er mountain heath,  
 Strays, yet, all-mindful of her absent hive,  
 Delights to hasten homewards, and inhale  
 The breath and fragrance of domestic flowers ;  
 So I, from dread *Niagara*, that swells  
*Ontario's* lake, to nature's humbler scenes  
 Return; to moors of purple ling, or dells  
 That watch o'er *Derwent's* infancy; and thence  
 To shadowy Stoke; whose groves, though now bereaved  
 Of their autumnal honours, yet display  
 Bold outline, features that adorn their banks,  
 Approaching, or receding, from the streams  
 Which fret in anger feign'd. Nor from thy haunts  
 O *Matlock*, shall this heart be long withdrawn ;  
 Nor e'er repine to meditate afresh  
 On scenes which ever please! Unlike the world  
 Whose friendship shares the bosom, yet with whom  
 Repeated converse serves but to expose  
 Delusive joys, thou dost endear thyself  
 Most closely when familiar; and to hold  
 Communion with thy river, rocks, and shade,  
 In each revolving season, soothes the mind,  
 And lulls the passions ' to divine repose.' "

The following is a graphic, and sweet picture of the  
 conflux of those two extremely beautiful streams,—the  
*Derwent* and the *Wye*, below *Rowsley* :—

" As when a traveller, who all day long  
 Has roam'd o'er mountain heights; perchance at eve  
 Hears the loud greetings of his fellow man

Swell from the vale below : with eager joy  
 He listens, and returns a kindred shout ;  
 Quickens his step, trusting ere long to view  
 Imbosom'd in the glen's sequestered shade  
 The cottage of some host unknown ; and share  
 Kind intercourse with him, a stranger's friend.  
 So the bright streams of Derwent and of Wye  
 That long have journey'd separate ; pausing oft  
 To hear the echo of their own sweet voice  
 Bursting from rocky fall, and rude cascade ;  
 Now, near approaching, listen with delight  
 Each other's liquid song.—From this retreat,  
 This bower by nature form'd for those who love  
 To muse on nature's works, the landscape smiles  
 Serene. Mark yonder mead ! Her velvet turf  
 Stretches on either side to view the streams  
 Of those fond rivers hurrying to blend  
 Their glassy tides. That crystal union form'd,  
 How soft their melody, *we part no more !*  
 But bear me back again to that smooth lawn,  
 That mead, from whence each home, each distant scene,  
 All beauty and all harmony, conspires  
 To win the heart. Tones of more soothing power,  
 O Tempe, from thy Peneus never flow'd,  
 Than these which borne away on summer's wing  
 Pass sweetly by, as Derwent glides beneath  
 Yon bridge in playful mood. With turn and sweep  
 Abrupt, yet graceful, he his wintry bed,  
 The gravelly shore, forsakes ; and dashing on  
 Excites such symphony between his waves  
 And pebbles that impede their flow, as charms  
 The Wye responsive.—Scenes beloved, I fain

Would picture all your forms ; and spreading wide  
 The canvass on my easel would portray  
 Your mingled beauties ! From this hand, alas !  
 The feeble pencil falls. One touch alone  
 Be mine. Life to that Elm, long life to Her, (1)  
 Station'd on bowery knoll that overhangs  
 The river deep, and green with shade ; from whence,  
 Rowsley, thine arches grey are seen ; and sure  
 More graceful arches never yet beheld  
 Their circles finish'd in a glassy flood.  
 But farewell, Rowsley ! To the guidance now  
 Of rivers join'd in wedlock's purest bonds  
 I yield my steps. From either bank embower'd  
 Meadows and spacious fields with easy swell,  
 Aspire to meet the undulating hills  
 Crown'd with continuous shade."

The Editor here again has to lament the destruction of letters from the pens of some of Mr. J. Gisborne's most talented friends, some of whom are well known in the literary world ; but they were considered far too complimentary to be preserved. The destruction of a letter from his college friend, Wordsworth, the Poet, is peculiarly regretted ; as he so widely and charmingly commented upon the contents of Mr. J. Gisborne's Poem. But with the humble views ever held of his own composition, he regarded Mr. Wordsworth's letter much

(1) Upon a steep and bowery bank above the river Derwent stands an Elm, whose roots assist the traveller's steps, and whose summer shade refreshes him, while he surveys the landscape diversified with the grey hamlet of Rowsley, and the elegant arches of her ancient bridge.

too flattering to be retained. Owing to some fortunate accident, a letter from the Rev. Charles Simeon, had got concealed amongst some very old documents—a copy of which shall here be transcribed.

“ King’s Coll., Camb., April 11th, 1833.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I received some weeks ago *your* kind present of *your* Poem, which I judged it right to read before I should make the acknowledgments which it so justly called for. I was then, and had been without intermission for fifteen months, engaged in revising and editing my *Horæ*, at the rate of thirteen sheets every week, or one ponderous volume every three weeks. This joined to my Ministerial labours, left me scarcely an hour at command from day to day. But when I had just finished the 20th volume, I was seized with a severe fit of the gout; so that I was constrained to give up my Editorial work as well as my Ministerial labours. Through mercy, after little more than a fortnight’s illness, I am better; though not yet able to move, except as wheeled in a chair. It has, however, given me liberty to gratify myself with the perusal of your book. And, indeed, I have had a feast—a feast of no ordinary kind. I admire the goodness of God for the variety of gifts which He bestows on men. That which He has bestowed on you calls for no common measure of thankfulness, because whilst it elevates your mind in an admiration of His works, it diffuses over your soul a sweet habitual serenity. Amongst the objects which you



depict, whether animal or vegetable, are vast multitudes, whose powers and beauties come not within the ken of an unobservant eye, or, if seen, could not be described by any one whose mind was not enriched with greatly diversified knowledge, or whose imagination was not vivid and glowing like your own. In reading your Poem from the first page to the last, I have felt myself, in my own particular department, like a Mill-horse going his daily rounds, and seeing nothing but the ground he treads. But then for my consolation I have said, ' True ; but I am grinding meal for my poor neighbours, whilst this dear friend is extracting sweets from every part of the creation, for the gratifying of those who are of a more refined taste.' This consideration makes me thankful both for you and myself ; for you, that He has enabled you to exercise such splendid talents for the edification of the wise ; and for myself, that He enables me to dispense a measure of benefit to the humble. I bless my God who has given eyes to the human frame ; and I adore Him that He has called me to discharge the humble office of the foot. If He is but glorified, it matters not whether it be by the brilliant radiance of the sun, or by the fainter twinklings of a star.

“ Should any thing bring you to Cambridge, I hope you will do me the honour of a call, that I may express in person, the gratitude which words will but inadequately convey.

“ In all the events of the American war, I took a great interest at the time, and I account it no small

privilege to have lived at such an eventful period of the world, and to have seen all that has passed from that time to this. But I am now looking for a better world, where no such changes shall ever take place—no such tremendous scenes be ever transacted more. In that world there will ‘no sea’ be found.

I am, my dear Sir,

With much respect and gratitude,

Your very affectionate friend,

C. SIMEON.”

In 1834, all Mr. J. Gisborne’s sons being settled from home, and his daughters married, he began to think of parting with his Darley Dale property, reducing his establishment, and renting a house more suited to his greatly diminished fortune and small family circle.

When Mr. and Mrs. J. Gisborne quitted Darley Dale in the spring of 1835, sincere regret was felt by all classes of persons in the parish and neighbourhood. Some of the poor penned little notes expressive of their real sorrow for their intended removal. One poor man writes,

“ I find you are leaving us soon. I cannot let you go without thanking you for the many civilities and kindnesses we have received from you and your amiable partner. The widow’s blessing, and the blessing of all, rests upon you, as well as our thanks; and a higher reward awaits you.

“We shall feel your loss, but others will gain wherever you may settle: and depend upon it you will be placed where you can be useful. The Lord go with you.”

After spending three years in visiting Scotland and Wales, Relations and Friends, Mr. J. Gisborne took a house at Shirland, in 1838, the only one he could then meet with in his own county. But the place disagreeing exceedingly with him (frequently confining him to his bed with low-fever,) he left the following spring for Wyaston Grove, near Ashbourn. Here he continued for five years, but towards the expiration of that time, he began to find that increasing years and infirmities frequently kept him and Mrs. J. Gisborne from the House of God; as the Grove was situated some distance from the Church, and a steep hill lay between them. These circumstances made him most anxious to remove nearer to a Church; and in April, 1844, he removed to Willington, where he remained till last April, 1851.

## CHAPTER IV.

TRIALS.—LOSSES.—CHARACTER AND DISPOSITION.

BEFORE entering upon the illness and death of Mr. J. Gisborne, a few more copious remarks shall be made upon his character and disposition.

Mr. J. Gisborne was naturally of a very lively temperament of mind, and for some years after his marriage, he was all animation, and playfulness of manner. But in course of time he had to experience the truth of that verse of Scripture, which all the race of Adam, more or less, are called to feel, that, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

He had some heavy pecuniary losses, severe ones in the failure of two Banking-houses. And these came at a time when he was beginning to feel it would require all his fortune to educate his large family, and to settle his six sons in Professions. These pecuniary losses, and other troubles and disappointments, began to press heavily upon his sensitive heart. He had hitherto travelled beneath an almost unclouded sun; but now clouds often over-shadowed his path, and rocks and thorns frequently intercepted his journey through life.

A friend writes to Mr. J. Gisborne, in 1813, expressing the sorrow which he felt in a late visit on observing the alteration in his spirits, so different to what they were a few years previous. And in a truly christian and affectionate manner does his friend endeavour to throw in comfort and consolation, on the trials which all must encounter in this life. But Mr. J. Gisborne did *not* repine at the all-wise dispensations of Providence; nor was a murmur ever known to escape his lips. He lived by faith, and not by sight, and he saw the hand of a wise and just God employed in all the good and ill that chequered his protracted life. He always acted as one who firmly believed the language of the Psalmist, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." And from the Lord he *did* receive strength to enable him to submit, and bear patiently His will, though to use his own words,

" A sigh may now and then escape ;  
The saintly tear of supplication fall ;  
Yet is there peace within, a hope serene,  
A confidence that all is wisely plann'd.

It was not for *himself* that he mourned over the heavy losses which at different times he sustained ; it was for the sake of his wife and family that he regretted his lessened income. Mr. J. Gisborne from childhood to the day of his death, was one of the most unselfish of characters ; his thoughts and actions were invariably directed for the good and comfort of others. He laid

out nothing upon himself ; he cared not what he had — what privations he experienced, if he could only lessen those of others : and his greatly diminished fortune in the last few years of his pilgrimage, and many reduced comforts, (at an age when more are required,) never caused him a moment of *individual* sorrow. But his tender heart, for the sake of others, did grieve over the crippled state of his income.

To give some idea of the religious views and feelings of Mr. J. Gisborne, in 1813, the following extracts are taken from a letter he wrote to a young friend, who was become a soldier of Christ, and in whose spiritual welfare he took much interest.

“ Orgreave, Jan. 28th, 1813.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . “ What an awful thing was the death of Mr. G.— T.— in the midst of the field of Bosworth ! It has sickened Mr. L.— and he has given up hunting altogether : and indeed, *such a death* was calculated to awaken serious thoughts in the most thoughtless and profligate. L.—d. T.—’s. brother, is gone into Orders for the sake of his late uncle’s livings. Our Bishop (much to his credit) refused to ordain him ; for he was Major in the S.— Militia when his uncle died ! Who has ordained him I know not. His military profession, etc., etc., was decidedly against him ; but I hear he is at least an amiable man, and perhaps may deserve an higher title. I am sure

I do not wish to deteriorate from his virtues, but how a man *so circumstanced* can declare, as I believe is required in the Ordination Service, that he believes he *was moved by the Holy Ghost to become a Minister*, (or words to that effect) I will thank you to tell me.

. . . . . " I have heard it whispered that you are likely to remove from S.—. I shall be sorry if you are really leaving, as from your account of your situation, etc., there, I fear a change will be less advantageous to you in point of religious leisure, if I may so express myself. But wherever you are, you are under the eye of the Captain of your salvation, and under His banner you cannot but be safe; and such a conviction will sweeten the bitterest cup, which God may at any time put into your hands. Our sensible comforts and experiences (I mean those of a religious nature) depend on a variety of events out of our management, and elude our contrivance. It often happens to me that when I anticipate most spirituality of mind, then the Tempter steps forward with such a storm of distracting imaginations, horrible images and suggestions, that I am ready to say, ' All these things are against me.' At other times, when I have been less expectant of ease in my mind, a gracious calm has been bestowed upon me, and though I have seen my enemy. it has been at a distance, and his arrows have been more or less blunted. Truly it is often said, no one beside the individual sufferer knows the plagues of his own heart. Still if I had no experience of mine every day, the days of ease

would probably be the days of my greatest dangers, for I should not then hunger and thirst after that righteousness which can alone be the wedding garment of my soul, the robe which can alone cover for ever my sins from the wrath of God. It must ever be that the Master whose servant we all are by nature, and, alas ! some by length of servitude, will not willingly part with his old slaves ; but Christ came ‘ to set the captives free,’ and this freedom, my dear friend, let us most earnestly pray to enjoy. Of all slavery that of sin is the deadliest, of all liberty that of the Gospel is the most glorious. To the former we bow down as naturally as the beast of the field to the river for his drink ; and for the latter we have by nature no relish whatever. Could you have told me this truth twenty years ago, or truly at a much later period, I should have been surprised, and very probably have set you down as a Methodist : but *tempora mutantur* blessed be God, and every day of my life only convinces me more and more deeply of the corruption we derive from Adam, and of the imperious necessity of being born again of the Spirit. I often feel an indescribable astonishment that this doctrine should not have sooner made its way into my heart ; but my surprise cools, when I recollect that the carnal mind is enmity against God—that spiritual things must be spiritually discerned—that the heart is full of evil, evil continual, etc., etc. But let me fear (no one has more occasion) lest I fall from my present convictions and desire of practical piety. ‘ Be not high-minded, but fear,’ believe me, my dear friend, it is a text which it be-



hoves your correspondent daily to remember; and the keen recollection of past sins is, I doubt not, most mercifully intended to put me on my hourly watch against a self-righteous spirit; and may it have that effect, and every other salutary one. . . . .

Ever believe me to remain,

My dear friend,

Yours truly and affectionately,

JOHN GISBORNE."

Mr. J. Gisborne was often censured for making a practice of relieving beggars at his door, but this arose entirely from a conscientious motive; for no one could more disapprove of the *general* begging system than himself. But he was always so fearful of a *really* necessitous person being unrelieved, and if the beggar was not (though unknown to him) a deserving object of charity, he consoled himself with a hope and a prayer, that his small relief might keep the suppliant from breaking the Eighth Commandment. Mr. J. Gisborne never could turn a deaf ear upon any call for assistance; and this feeling had been much strengthened by a melancholy event, which occurred many years ago.—An acquaintance of his, who was equally devoid of sympathy for his poor neighbour, as for the beggar, one day seeing a poor woman bending her steps towards his residence, met her, and ordered her off his grounds: she implored, with feeble voice, a morsel of food; but her petition only met with an unfeeling reply. She turned to leave, but went on her way so slowly, that

he shouted with strong and angry language after her : from alarm she hurried on with a little, and but little quickened speed ; but when once out on the high-road, she sunk down exhausted on the bank—and died.

Mr. J. Gisborne once said to his daughter on relating the above sad story, “ If such an occurrence had taken place at my gate, I should never have forgiven myself. How wretched I should ever afterwards have felt ; for how could I tell if she was prepared for death.”

Mr. J. Gisborne's elegant and richly cultivated mind, his unobtrusive piety, his condescension and humble-mindedness, rendered him a universal favourite in all ranks of society. He had a most retentive memory, and it was well stored with literature. His apt quotations from various authors, in prose and verse, to the last month of his life, were quite remarkable. Scarcely an event or person of note could be named without his being able to add some anecdote respecting the occurrence or individual, which rendered him a most agreeable companion. His friends always enjoyed being in his society, and he never left an unfavourable impression on the minds of those with whom he associated. He had invariably some kind remark to make of every one : some allowance to make for the faults of those individuals whose characters were being canvassed ; and even in the worst of characters would endeavour to find out some redeeming quality in them, or at all events *soften* down the censure that might be passed upon them.

In his attachments he was most sincere, in them there was no variation ; he was proof against absence, unkindness, or neglect. If he received any slight, it made no *outward* change in him, though deeply felt in the warm recesses of his heart ; and he would continue to speak and meet the individual with an unaltered manner. No feeling of malice found a resting-place in his heart. He was, also, ever most grateful for the smallest favour or attention.

Mr. J. Gisborne lived in communion with his God and Saviour : and he might, in much truth, have been called, " a man of prayer." He lived up to St. Paul's injunction, " continuing instant in prayer." Besides his stated hours of devotion, he was frequently engaged in devotional exercise. In his walks his lips might be seen moving, and although words sometimes escaped which told he was repeating poetry, yet still more frequently it was discovered that he was holding converse with his Saviour. The number of hours he daily spent in secret prayer, were almost incredible. Even some truly excellent persons upon asking, what he did all those hours he was alone at different times during the day, have looked incredulous on being told, they were spent in prayer. But could they have seen his daily " sick-list," whose cases were to be *separately* mentioned at the throne of grace, all surprise would have ceased. He prayed not only for those whom he personally knew, but for those who had been named to him by friends in all parts of the country, as well as for those mentioned

in the newspapers, who were suffering in mind or body in all the corners of the world; and many, have, no doubt, received blessings and consolations from his noiseless hours.

Mr. J. Gisborne's prayers were never neglected; for when he was interrupted by business or visitors, he invariably was up some hours later at night, to enable him to finish them. The sole object of his long life was, to worship and serve his God faithfully, and to further the welfare of his fellow-creatures, temporally and spiritually. He not only availed himself of every opportunity that presented itself of benefitting mankind, but would *seek out* for opportunities of doing good.

From the description thus far given of Mr. J. Gisborne's character, perhaps some may be led to say, that he is represented as so perfect a character, that he appears to have been faultless. But such was not the fact; nor is it to be desired that his failings should be kept back, as in that case, he could not be brought forward as a proof of the *power of the Gospel*; and in no light could he be held up as an example and encouragement to others; neither could his firm trust in the atonement of the Saviour, and the sufficiency he found in the Lord's comforting and supporting grace, throw one ray of hope and joy on the path of other christians.

Mr. J. Gisborne, like the rest of the human race, entered this world with a fallen and sinful nature. The

sign of the Cross made at his Baptism was not an *outward form* only, but an *inward* spiritual sign of grace, which in his infancy was kept bright by the fervent prayers of his excellent parents; and as soon as age permitted, he was instructed in the religion of Christ, and a holy fear of offending his God, and a love for his Saviour were early instilled into his mind. Thus, in answer to his parents' prayers, the baptismal seed was constantly watered and nourished by the Holy Spirit of God. Mr. J. Gisborne, also, early sought for pardon and strength at the throne of grace. He was not only baptized, but he believed; and he did seek for, and obtained a renovation of heart. He never was ashamed to confess his faith in Christ; through life he fought manfully under his banner, proving a faithful soldier to the close of his life, and he is now receiving his reward in the kingdom of heaven.

He was born with a very hasty temper, which was a severe trial to him through life, but it was restrained and subdued by prayer. In judgment he at times erred, and there is no individual but must feel, that there have been times when judgment and actions have been tainted with error, though at the time considered as right. Mr. J. Gisborne had his failings, but still his imperfections were *few* in number. But it was not that he had been born with a more sinless nature than most people. No! he inherited the same evil nature, and like others had to pass through the same temptations

of the world; but he was kept in the narrow path by *prayer*. Had he trusted in his own strength he must have fallen.

No one could lament more over his failings, than Mr. J. Gisborne did over his own, perhaps few ever grieved as much. Deeply did he mourn when his hasty temper led him to speak or act without proper consideration, which he said, even when a young man, would bring him on his knees in humble sorrow before his God.

From a series of losses and troubles, he became, in the decline of life, of a very nervous temperament of mind, and late in life his little out-breaks of temper, proceeded more from nervous excitement, than from any other cause. But as a true christian he bitterly lamented this failing. He said one day to—, “ I spoke with too much warmth. I have had much sorrow on account of it, and God thus reminds me of my depraved state by nature—of my own utter weakness. The natural man will cleave to me; but God knows how truly I mourn over my sins. Yes, none but He knows the agony of soul I afterwards experience, how I mourn with tears on my knees before Him, and not only that day, but for months afterwards.”

“ So those emotions, which, without control,  
Raise storms ‘ that oft make shipwreck of the soul,’  
Subdu’d by grace, by grace divinely giv’n,  
May prove but gales to waft the soul to heav’n.”

It is when we take a view of Mr. J. Gisborne's character in the light of Scripture, that we so forcibly see its peculiar excellence. In looking through the 12th chapter of Romans, where St. Paul enforces a variety of important duties, there seems not one that he left unperformed ; if we turn to our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, how prominently does his christian character stand forth in the performance of Christ's precepts. Who could possess more poverty of spirit than Mr. J. Gisborne? He was all humility and lowliness of mind. He felt his poverty, and was a constant beggar for grace at the Lord's door ; and the kingdom of Heaven is now his dwelling-place. How deeply did he mourn over his sinfulness of heart by nature. How many tears did his failings cost him ; but he sought for pardon in the blood of Jesus, and he was comforted, and he is now where all tears are for ever wiped from his eyes. He had a most forgiving disposition, and he did hunger and thirst after righteousness. He did desire above all things, for the pardon of his iniquities, and peace with God ; and he was filled with all the consolations of the Spirit. He was tender and merciful to all, and he did obtain mercy for himself. He possessed a heart of great purity, and he is now rejoicing in the presence of his God and Saviour. From quite a young man he was a " Peacemaker." As soon as he heard of any difference betwixt families or friends, he would, in the most delicate manner, endeavour to bring about a reconciliation ; and in many a family and circle has he healed wounds, and brought about in them harmony and peace. Some of the latest acts of his life

were endeavours to promote a renewal of friendships. He always was so fearful of the gospel of Christ being evil spoken against ; and he was so desirous that all who *professed* christianity, should *live* and *act* as christians. He lived in perfect charity with all mankind, and considering the shortness and uncertainty of life, he was most anxious that every one should live in the same spirit.

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## CHAPTER V.

DECLINING HEALTH.—REMOVAL FROM WILLINGTON.—ARRIVAL AT  
PENTRICH.—ILLNESS.—DEATH.—FUNERAL.

IN the decline of 1850, and the beginning of the year 1851, a gradual increase of feebleness had been observed in Mr. J. Gisborne, although not such as to create any serious alarm in the minds of his family and friends; and they hoped, when all the hurry attendant upon his intended change of residence was over, he would regain some of his lost strength. But he seems to have been well aware of his fast declining state; for in March he dates and marks several passages he had been reading, as if accurately describing his own state and feelings. Such as,—“At a time when the enfeebled frame and shattered nerves are greatly distressing the soul, Thou knowest how much I need Thy cheering, peace-restoring, and comforting presence!” “And especially grant that as my day of life is drawing to a close, every cloud that once shaded my path may entirely disappear, and the bright sunshinings of the Sun of Righteousness may greatly refresh my departing spirit as it quits a world of sin, and leaves the corruptions and infirmities of the body for ever behind.” “O Lord, be not angry, and I will speak but this once, when the time of my departure arrives, and death itself is in view,

do Thou enable me to know that *my* Redeemer liveth, and to feel assured, that although 'heart and flesh fail, He is and will be the strength of my soul and my portion for ever.'"

Mr. J. Gisborne was anxious to settle in a more bracing locality than Wellington; believing it would benefit the impaired health of himself and family. There were many persons in the parish and neighbourhood with whom he took leave with feelings of sincere sorrow; and keenly did he feel the parting with his esteemed and valued friend, the Rev. Joseph Jones,<sup>(1)</sup> of Repton, in whose society he had passed many happy and profitable evenings. After Mr. J. Gisborne was settled at Pentrich, he frequently spoke of the pleasure it would give him to welcome his friend at his new residence, which place Mr. Jones had promised to visit before the summer closed. But it was ordained by an all-wise God, that they were to meet no more on this side the grave: yet, the survivor may anticipate a joyful renewal of intercourse when the fibre of his mortal life is severed by the hand of death, and his purified spirit is borne by Angels into the port of the celestial kingdom.

"Thro' life's rude journey pilgrims sometimes meet,  
Who cheer, instruct, and guide each others' feet.  
Impassioned souls, so closely, sweetly join'd,  
Their twin-like spirits form one kindred mind.

(1) Author of "The Book of the Heart," "Christianity and the Christian," and many other religious and instructive publications.

Their views, and hopes, and fears, and path the same,  
 They differ only in their sex or name.  
*These*, whether friend or wife, or child we style,  
 Shall greet each other with enraptur'd smile;  
 A bliss *peculiar* shall their souls inspire,  
 And friendship's joys shall tune their heaven-strung lyre.  
 On earth, with life's precarious fleeting breath,  
 Mere *fleshly* bonds must find their end in death,  
 But ties of *grace of mind*, will ne'er decay:  
 These live when time and worlds have pass'd away!  
 Who live in love, in *christian-love* below,  
 Can ne'er in heaven that heavenly bond forego."

On the morning of April 3rd, Mr. J. Gisborne was feeling far from well. The many "Farewells" during the week had tried his feeble strength severely; and in consequence of a pressure of business that morning, he was suffering from a considerable degree of exhaustion, when it was time to set out to meet the Train, and in crossing the fields approaching the Station, he was seized with faintness, and fell to the ground. Many a friendly hand was soon near to render every possible assistance, and he was conveyed back to his residence, where, with prompt and judicious medical treatment, he shortly began to revive. His son, Mr. Henry Gisborne, (to whose house he was going) on hearing of this sudden seizure, immediately started for Willington, and on his arrival found his father much recovered: who soon expressed a wish to return with his son, and through the friendly offer of the Rev. F. W. Spilsbury's close carriage, he was comfortably removed to Derby. But Mr. J. Gisborne's

already shattered constitution had sustained a shock from which it never recovered: he became a little better, and always being cheerful, gave some of his friends an idea that he had derived considerable benefit from his visits amongst them, but such was not the case.

On the 24th of April, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gisborne took up their residence at Pentrich Vicarage; and those who received them were struck with Mr. J. Gisborne's altered appearance; his strength was much reduced, he suffered from a shortness of breathing after a little exertion, and his appetite was much diminished, altogether painfully indicating, that nature's powers were now *fast* on the decline. But still "Hope" would at times spring up in the minds of those around him, and suggest that when warm sunny-days arrived, a revival might take place in his health and strength.

Cold and feebleness confined him almost constantly to the house till the 22nd of May, when he appeared stronger than he had done for a few previous weeks; and the day being fine and warm, he was out of doors for some length of time, quite enjoying a short walk to some cottages, where he distributed his favourite tract, "The Sinner's Friend."

That evening he took cold whilst watching the planting of some flower-roots. He passed a restless feverish night, and the next day seemed very unwell. Early the following morning Medical aid was called in, and his

cold was pronounced to have taken the form of Influenza. All the next week he continued very ill, suffering at times severe pain; but he still persevered in daily coming down stairs, and assembling his household for family prayer. On Friday, the 30th, he had considerable difficulty in leaving his room, and still more to reach it again in the evening. The next morning he was prohibited taxing his little remaining strength by changing his room; indeed, that day he was scarcely able to quit his bed, and it might almost be said he *kept* his bed from that day; as ever afterwards he was only able to sit up while his bed was re-made. The influenza soon yielded to medical treatment, but Mr. J. Gisborne's vital powers were never able to rally again.

In the early part of his illness, when the post hour arrived, he was anxious to know if there were letters from relations or friends, particularly from those who were suffering from bodily or mental afflictions; but in the course of ten days he ceased to make any inquiries, yet, on being told at times of the anxiety and sympathy expressed by his relations and friends, he would appear much overcome, and with tearful eyes would look up and say, "Oh! how kind—how kind—God bless them."

From extreme feebleness he was able to talk very little during his illness; and the last fortnight could only utter a few words at a time, and *those* in so feeble a voice, that it was with difficulty he was heard and understood. When the sickness and pain subsided, he appeared as if

dozing, or in a state of insensibility; but often words or short sentences were heard by those sitting close to him, which told the spirit was all watchfulness. He was frequently engaged in prayer for his wife, family, relations, friends, and servants, and one day he was distinctly heard praying for "China, India, the Heathen—that *none*, old or young, might be lost, but *all* saved."

He was all patience and resignation, and thankful for the smallest alleviation of suffering, or the least attention. And he never took a spoonful of food or medicine without saying, "Thank God." He would frequently remark upon the goodness of God to him; and say with much feeling, "I fear I shall wear you all out. You are all so kind. It is not every one who has such kind attentive friends. Make me thankful for *all* Thy mercies, O Lord."

According to his request he was prayed for each Sunday in Church. It was his earnest desire to have his sons sent for, that all his family and servants might be assembled round his bed to receive the Sacrament, and to pray once more altogether; but as frequently as days and hours were fixed by *him*, for carrying out his wishes, return of sickness or violent paroxysms of pain would render it impossible to have his desire fulfilled; and he would afterwards much lament the frustration of his plan. A few days before his death, he put out his hand, as was his custom to feel if his daughter was near, and when she took hold of it he said, "Again I am unable to have my family assemble for prayer, O Lord! Thou knowest how

earnestly I have desired this, but Thou see'st good to withhold the performance of it. Tell Mr. Collings it is only my local disorder which has so constantly put a stop to his performing the service before me and my family. O my precious Saviour, how I have longed once more to feed on the dying memorials of Thy great love, with my dear wife and family." After a short pause he continued, "Dear E——, let them *all* know I *did* desire this, and that the *Truth* lies here," placing his hand on his heart at the same instant.

He was always much pleased when told of the arrival of his sons—he would fervently say, "God bless them!" And though during the last week he was unable to say more than a few words, and sometimes even appeared unaware of their presence, yet afterwards, warm expressions would prove that although unequal to noticing them, he had been aware of, and felt their affectionate presence.

On June 5th, his daughter over-hearing him say, "I am sinking—sinking;" she lent forward and inquired if he felt quite happy, and his reply was most striking. "Oh yes! quite—quite—quite. All calmness—all peace within. I have gone over and over again my Mackworth sins—my Harrow sins—my College sins, and *all* my sins. I have only built on *one* foundation—the Rock, Christ the Lord, and Christ *has* shut the door upon them. They are all blotted out of Thy Book, O Lord." And after a short rest he said, as if God was replying to him, "All thy sins *I have* blotted out."

Friday, 6th. This day he said little to those about him, but he was much engaged in secret communion with his God and Saviour. Once he was heard to say, "O Lord, blessed Saviour, hear me," and immediately in a perfectly different tone of voice continued, as if an answer was being returned, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I *will* hear and deliver thee." Some time afterwards he said, "O my God, bless my dear wife, and dear family, my relations and friends with the choicest of Thine earthly and Heavenly blessings."

Saturday, 7th. At different times of the day he said, "How life quivers." "How long is this death." "I die a *true* Churchman, but I can love all denominations, of christians, *provided* they live according to the gospel, Yes! the gospel of Jesus Christ—nothing but the gospel."

Sunday, 8th. During this day he quite startled and astonished his daughter, by suddenly repeating in the most rapturous manner, part of the 103rd Psalm. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." The last verse was repeated almost in a whisper, he having become exhausted.

Monday, 9th. On being asked how he felt himself, he replied, "Like a dying man." In the course of the



morning his wife left him to give some orders, believing he had fallen into a doze, but he shortly opened his eyes, and said, "Where is my dear wife?" When she returned, he took her hand, saying with peculiar affection, "I love to have you near me, and though I cannot talk to you, dear Milly, yet you are never out of my thoughts."

Tuesday, 10th. On over-hearing him say, "I am afraid," his daughter inquired, *what* it was that he was afraid of? and he instantly answered with marked emphasis, "Not of death, no! he has no terrors for me, no sting, thank God."

In the evening when a shawl was laid lightly over his arms, believing he was dozing, he gently tried to remove it, saying, "I can now only bear the weight of a shroud."

Wednesday, 11th. At 3 o'clock in the morning, his wife and daughter were called up, his attendant believing he was dying; after strong restoratives had been applied to, he began to revive. Some hours afterwards he said to those standing around his bed, "Did you ever see a pond drawn? I feel like the poor carp lying on the bank," opening and shutting his hand, to represent it gasping for breath, "but they have not the kind tender friends to wait upon them as I have; how much better I am provided for than they are! Lord, make me more and more thankful for *all* Thy mercies!"

In the afternoon his sufferings were most severe, arising from distressing vomitings and other causes; and he con-

tinued so ill that it was believed he could not survive another 38 hours. Still his mind was kept in perfect peace; grace enabled him to see beyond the grave, and his soul longed to stretch its wings and fly to the Rock of Ages. It was remarkable that not a *shadow* of a cloud ever rested upon his spirit during the whole of his illness. The Lord guarded every avenue to his soul. His spiritual adversary was never permitted to molest him. The light of the Lord's countenance ever seemed resting upon him,—cheering and refreshing his spirit: and he could say, "Behold, God *is* my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH *is* my strength and *my* song; He also is become my salvation."

Thursday, 12th. About 2 o'clock in the morning he sent for his daughter, and upon going to him she was much surprised to find him in possession of his former vigour of mind; he desired her to get writing materials to put down some of his wishes, and to call his wife to witness the same. And in a clear, and collected manner did he enter upon his affairs.

After a short rest, he desired his daughter would write, after his death, to his relations and friends, mentioning many by *name*, and to tell them how he had prayed for *all* of them, and not to forget to add his dying prayer for each, "May the best of God's blessings be bestowed upon you and yours, now and for ever, through Jesus Christ."

In a little time he again said, "I fear I task your memory too much, you had better make a memorandum

of my wishes; and be sure don't forget to write to ——; tell him how I thought and prayed for him on my death-bed: how I have *always* remembered him in my prayers. Now remember you write *fully*, it *may* do good, I must do good while I can; perhaps my last words, my recollection of —— may be blessed. Dear E——, *never* miss an opportunity of doing good to the souls of others—always be on the watch to do good—yes, *watch*.”

During the remainder of the day he was incapable of saying more than a word at a time; but in the evening he exclaimed, “O blessed Saviour, pardon and save me; O Holy Ghost, support and strengthen me.”

Friday, 13th. On inquiries being made as to how he found himself, he replied, “Conscious, unconsciousness!” After a time he said, “Remember my three P's, Patience, Penitence, and Prayer!”

In the evening after he had been lifted out of bed to have it re-made, and his daughter was supporting and bathing his head, he said to her, “You will never forget a father's dying-bed.” Feeling her tears fall he raised his head, looked at her affectionately and continued, “Dear E——, what could you for *my* sake wish for more than to hear,—dust to dust—ashes to ashes!” In a few minutes he added, “Oh my precious Saviour, that Thou wouldst release me—Thy will be done.”

Saturday, 14th. In the morning, he suddenly opened his eyes, (which through his illness were generally kept

closed,) looked towards his wife, and raised his lips, intimating he wished to kiss her; she leaned down, and he gently saluted her with a look of unutterable affection, and said, "God *bless* you, my dear Milly." This was the last kiss she received from those increasingly dear, but dying lips!

A few hours afterwards, he extended his hands to those around his bed, and when they were taken, with a feeble pressure, he said, "O Lord, O Father, have mercy upon Thy servant. Farewell all—a long farewell! God bless you! All is right!" This was the last long sentence he was able to pronounce.

Sunday, 15th. In consequence of violent pain, he was obliged to have an opiate administered frequently to allay his sufferings, which produced a torpor. And this day he lay almost constantly in a state of unconsciousness.

Monday, 16th. He appeared to be quite unaware of the presence of any one, and lay dozing or in a state of insensibility continually; now and then, in the course of the day, feebly saying, "O Lord," "O Saviour."

Tuesday, 17th. He still continued in a state of perfect unconsciousness, and groaned incessantly; which was very distressing to those who were watching over him, although they did not appear to be the groans of suffering; for he never moved—not a muscle was contracted; his countenance all placidity. In this state he continued several hours, when the groans ceased, and were suc-

ceeded by heavy respiration. At a quarter past five o'clock in the evening, he gently closed his mouth twice, and without one struggle or sigh, his spirit softly parted from its tenement of clay, and joyously winged its way to mingle with that happy multitude, who are for ever in the glorious presence of their Redeemer!

“ Oh, sacred star of evening, tell  
 In what unseen, celestial sphere,  
 Those spirits of the peaceful dwell,  
 Too pure to rest in sadness here?  
 Roam they the crystal fields of light,  
 O'er paths alone by angels trod?  
 Their robe with heavenly lustre bright,  
 Their home, the paradise of God!

“ Soul of the just! and canst thou soar  
 Amidst yon radiant spheres sublime,  
 Where countless hosts of heaven adore,  
 Through the unbounded march of time?  
 Yes, thou canst join the sacred choir,  
 Through heaven's high dome the strain canst raise;  
 While seraphs strike their golden lyre  
 In ever-during notes of praise.”

“ Soul adieu!—this gloomy sojourn  
 Holds thy captive feet no more;  
 Flesh is dropt, and sin forsaken,  
 Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.  
 Thro' the tears thy friends are shedding,  
 Smiles of hope serenely shine;

Not a friend remains behind thee,  
But would change his lot for thine."

On Monday 23rd, the sable and mournful procession slowly departed from Pentrich to Breadsall, near Derby, where the last solemn and religious rites were performed. And it might be said, that even as his mortal remains were descending into the tomb, he was still doing good—still disseminating the word of God; for he had left express orders in his Will, that a Bible was to be presented to each of his six Bearers at his funeral, which desire was accordingly fulfilled.

"Think, O ye who fondly languish  
O'er the graves of those ye love,  
While your bosoms throb with anguish,  
They are chanting hymns above :  
While your silent steps are straying,  
Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing,  
Round the happy Christian's head."

## CONCLUSION.

COPIES OF LETTERS, SELECTED FROM THE MANY RECEIVED UPON  
THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN GISBORNE.

TO MRS. NIXON.

“Croxall, June 19th, 1851.

“MY DEAR EMMA,

“How little needs to be said from us to you and your dear mother! For both of you *know* how much is felt, and that every feeling is in sympathy with your own. Nephews and Nieces have lost one, who was as much like a Father to them as an Uncle. Then what have not Children and Wife lost! But all is right. His days were numbered. His end is glory. And *his* God is our God.

“Instructive through life by example and precept, he, whom we have lost, was instructive in death. I remember the late Mr. Sangar, who preceded Mr. Fisher as Clergyman at Barton, said of him, ‘Every word seems to be weighed in the balance of the Sanctuary.’ The observation was emphatically true.

“Give our very affectionate love to our dear Aunt. On Monday all will be with you in heart.

“Adieu, my dear Emma,

Ever your affectionate,

JAMES GISBORNE.”

TO MRS. JOHN GISBORNE.

“June 21st, 1851.

“MY DEAR MRS. GISBORNE,

“I cannot refuse myself the melancholy pleasure of writing you a few lines on this occasion, to express to you our deepest sympathy, and heartfelt sorrow under the bereavement which you have so lately sustained.

“I did not write to you before, as I felt unwilling at such a season to trouble you with needless inquiries, but we have truly sorrowed *for* you, and *with* you, having heard from Mrs. M. G. constantly of your dear Invalid. Yesterday she wrote us word that ‘He had entered into Rest.’ And I am sure ‘his works do follow him:’ and very long will he live in the affectionate remembrance of all, who had the privilege of his acquaintance.

“We truly feel for ourselves that we have lost a dear, old, and *most valued* friend. While I have wept to think I should see him no more in the flesh, I have been rejoicing in the thought of his exceeding joy; and that he, and my dear father, so attached to each other as fellow-pilgrims here, are now again re-united in the presence of Him, whom their souls loved—safe in the Haven where they would be, and for ever with the Lord.

“I trust, my dear friend, that you are experiencing the support and consolation which such a thought brings



with it, even under the first anguish which such a separation must produce; and that the God of all comfort will be with you to cheer and support you, and enable you to bow with resignation to His will.

. . . . . "I will not now add more, than  
I remain, my dear old Friend,  
Yours very affectionately,  
ISABELLA M. ARDEN."

FROM THE REV. THOMAS FISHER.

"Luccomb, June 23rd, 1851.

"MY DEAR MRS. NIXON,

"I need not assure you with what unfeigned sympathy I have learned the removal of your excellent and deeply valued parent, nor need I add how much I feel for *myself*, as being privileged to share the kind regards of one so estimable.

"Your account of his closing hours accords with what I should have anticipated in relation to one whose life has been what his was, and yet who retained the humility and Christian simplicity which never appears to have forsaken him. His faith in Christ was beautifully illustrated to the last, and I doubt not is still more illustrated in the experience which now waits him in his state beyond the grave. I know of no one with whom I should more fervently wish to have my future lot united, where he now stands in the presence of the God whom he so loved,

and the Saviour, on whom his everlasting hope was fixed. May all of us with renewed energy, and increasing strength of motive, press forward to meet him.

“I sincerely feel especially for Mrs. Gisborne, whose loss humanly speaking must be irreparable. She has before her the footsteps of one of the flock, and may she be enabled to press forward in the faith, and hope, and consolation traced before her; and may all of you benefit by the deep and affecting lesson which is presented to you all. This day is the day fixed for your Father’s funeral, and the hour is now at hand when he will be committed to his last earthly home. Even now I cannot keep my imagination, the scene which is now probably taking place beneath your roof. May God sustain you in it, and bring you through it, so that you may be enabled to say, ‘All Thy ways are mercy and truth to them that keep Thy covenants and Thy testimonies.’

“I am, my dear Mrs. Nixon,  
Your affectionate and faithful,  
T. FISHER.”

FROM THE REV. HUGH SALVIN.

“Alston Vicarage, June 23rd, 1851.

“MY DEAR MRS. NIXON,

I beg you to accept my most grateful thanks for your kindness in detailing so much at large, the events which attended the departure of my most valued friend and fellow-student at Cambridge.

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“ It is truly gratifying to hear that his latest hours in this world were passed in a manner so satisfactory to his friends, and affording a well-grounded assurance of his reception into the regions of eternal bliss. I pray that my last end may be like his; and the experience of every passing year teaches me that my own dissolution cannot be far distant.

“ Your excellent father being two years my senior, and under different sides, i.e., class of tutors, I never met with him in the lecture rooms at Cambridge, and in fact our acquaintance was very slight, till accidentally being one summer at Buxton, we were thrown together at the same hotel and table. It was here that our acquaintance first ripened into friendship, and at our separation, he was kind enough to invite me to visit him at his beautiful nest on Needwood Forest, where I remained a fortnight; and a correspondence then began which was carried on with much satisfaction on my part till within a very short time of his death.

“ I afterwards became acquainted with his excellent brother, during his residence on his prebendal stall at Durham, and I have no hesitation in saying, that two better men, and more thoroughly imbued with the spirit and practice of Christianity, than those two brothers, I never had the good fortune to know, and I consider it as one of the happiest events in my life, to have seen embodied in human form, living models of Christian profession and practice.

“My wife begs to join me in kindest regards to your dear Mother, and all other members of your family.

“I remain, very truly yours,  
HUGH SALVIN.”

FROM MISS RILEY, *daughter of the Rev. Richard Riley, who was the beloved College tutor and friend of Mr. John Gisborne.*

“Marwood Rectory, June 27th, 1851.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“My father’s sight, at his very advanced age, prevents him writing: he has therefore deputed me to answer your melancholy intelligence.

“I cannot express to you how *deeply* he laments the loss of his old and greatly attached friend, I believe, I may say, almost the last of his early life. He says, he can truly say, a day has never passed but he has been in his thoughts; and it appears a source of the *utmost gratification* to him to know, that on Mr. Gisborne’s death-bed he was remembered in his prayers,—a death-bed beautiful to witness even by his most sorrowing friends. The consolation to you must be great in having had the privilege of having your beloved parent with you in his last moments, a sight all might joy to see,—the departure of a *true Christian*.

“Papa begs you will convey to Mrs. Gisborne his melancholy condolence; and also wishes to express to

you his melancholy thanks for writing to him. Mamma and all the family beg to offer their deep sympathy to you and Mrs. Gisborne in your great affliction: and with very kind regards, believe me,

“My dear Madam,

Very sincerely yours,

A. RILEY.”

TO MRS. JOHN GISBORNE.

“Biggin, June 28th, 1851.

“MY DEAR MRS. GISBORNE,

“When I reached home last Saturday, after a visit of three weeks to my friends in Leicestershire, I heard of your sad bereavement, and my inclination would have led me to write to you immediately, but I thought it would be kinder not to intrude upon you in your first moments of sorrow; and therefore I satisfied myself with hearing of you by different friends with whom you were having communication.

“I am thankful to find that you are supported in this very trying dispensation, from your heavenly Father: I pray that He who has inflicted the stroke, may comfort you according to your need. In dear Mr. Gisborne's removal, *all* who knew him must sustain a loss, but to you it is the *most severe*, and must be felt the most acutely. To himself death has been gain—eternal gain. We are apt to lament the loss of Christian friends, but it is a selfish feeling, when it is written, ‘*Blessed* are the

dead which die in the Lord.' We should rather congratulate them on their removal from all pain, sickness, and sorrow, and contemplate them in the enjoyment of that 'Rest which remaineth for the people of God.'

"Though I saw but little of your excellent husband, I never shall forget him. His talents, his usefulness, his great amiability, his cheerfulness, his religious habits and exercises, and, above all, his *sound* evangelical views, and love to his Saviour, are all brought vividly to my mind; and I never expect to see his equal again here below. May his lot be mine; and may I be the humble follower of him who through faith and patience now inherits the promises.

. . . . . With very kind regards to Mrs. Nixon and yourself, and my best wishes and Christian sympathy,

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Gisborne,

Yours very sincerely,

HARRIET PIDCOCKE."

TO THE SAME.

"July 2nd, 1851.

"MY DEAR MRS. GISBORNE,

"I hope you will kindly accept my sincere expressions of condolence on the irreparable loss you have sustained, though we feel no doubt you have experienced the faithfulness of those blessed promises of support and consolation so abundantly supplied to the Mourner by

our sympathizing High-Priest. Yet, time will be required to heal your wound. You will feel to have had the privilege of your beloved partner's society so many years, calls for great thankfulness ; yet the blank occasioned by his removal can hardly be expected to be filled up, except we hope for it in the way promised in Isaiah, li. 3, 'I will comfort all her waste places.'

"I hope I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of many kind and undeserved attentions from dear Mr. J. Gisborne. His conversation was always so pleasing and edifying ; and his manners had so much of Christian courtesy in them, that we considered his calls a great favour,—he never leaving behind him an unfavourable impression of any character brought forward, on the contrary, some pleasing trait or quality, perhaps not known before. He reminded us of Philippians, iv. 8, in dwelling upon 'whatsoever things were lovely or of good report.'

"I trust, through the same Almighty Saviour, we may all meet again, dear Mrs. Gisborne, where there will be no more sorrow or sickness.

. . . . . "I beg to offer my Christian regards and sympathy to Mrs. Nixon. Excuse this poor expression of respect and regard, but believe me, dear Mrs. Gisborne,

"Yours very truly,  
MARIA COX."

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL FLOOD.

“ Beaminster, July 11th, 1851.

“ MY DEAR MRS. NIXON,

“ I have waited till the first shock of your recent trial was over, before venturing to write a line to you on the sad and afflicting bereavement to which, in the wise providence of God, you have been subjected. To say that I have sympathized with you, is, I am sure, no more than you will readily believe and understand. Your loss has been the irreparable loss of many, and I take a melancholy kind of pleasure in including myself amongst the number.

“ Your late Father was a very illustrious example of a *Christian*—than which no higher title can be given to mortal man. His meekness and gentleness of character, added to the firmness and integrity of his religious principles, showed how largely in his person grace had triumphed over nature, and formed a character which every good man should love to contemplate. I have felt the beneficial influence of his example, and am thankful to offer the humblest tribute to his memory—no more than this. All that he was *grace* made him: and such as he was, I shall ever delight to hold him in my mind. It is almost unkind to mourn the departure of one so ripe for his reward as he was. Only that selfishness will linger in our hearts; we should rather rejoice that the mortal has put on immortality, and the cross been exchanged for the crown. May the remembrance



of him stimulate us all to seek larger gifts of grace, that we may share in his glory.

“I have the liveliest sympathy for your dear Mother and yourself. I *feel* the gap made on your peaceful circle. I picture what you were, to contrast it with what you are. But, my dear friend, remember whose hand has struck the blow; and what an eternity of good is now opened out to the departed. Yours can be no light sorrow: but think that they who suffer, will one day reign with Christ. I commend you both to Him for consolation: may the Spirit, the Comforter, evermore abide with you. Amen.

“When you are able to write one line, I should be grateful to hear of your own health, and that of your dear mother, to whom I beg my most affectionate remembrances. With every prayer for your peace, believe me,

“Faithfully and sincerely,  
SAMUEL FLOOD.”

FROM JULIA FOX.

“Kendalls, July 18th, 1851.

“MY DEAR MRS. NIXON,

. . . . . We have, indeed, felt most sincerely for you, the separation of such a tender husband and father, though under the brightest circumstances, is an awful thing to us who remain; but our beloved parents were both ripe for glory, and God, in

infinite mercy, gave each but a short trial before He took them to the rest they had both so earnestly sighed for : under these circumstances, we can sympathize with each other, and abundantly praise our Heavenly Father for His tender mercy. I am sure, you will feel with us in saying from your heart, that you would not recal one, however dear, who is, we know, landed on the Heavenly shore, happy in His keeping beyond the reach of all the ills and sorrows of this life. If 'to live is Christ, to die is gain,' and though to abide in the flesh may be to those who are dear, a source of creature comfort, yet, to depart, and to be with Christ, is far better.

“All this, I feel sure, you feel, appreciate, and find support in ; therefore you will 'not sorrow even as those which have no hope.' We know *so* well what it is to see the empty chair, and to miss a beloved one from our circle, that our hearts have been much led to sympathize with you and your mother in a similar position. When our hearts droop in remembrance of those we have loved, passed from our earthly sight, let us seek a more intimate acquaintance with Him, whose sympathy and love is indeed unbounded.

“How all these events help to impress upon our minds the transitory nature of our existence ; and therefore how good for us. Your dear father was ripe for Heaven, having *firm* hold of the Rock of our Salvation ; therefore we should indeed rejoice that he is moored in safety on that shore, where sin and grief cannot enter. His

countenance is so vividly before us ; never, never can we forget that beaming, benevolent, Christian expression: for though we did not often meet, we had learned from our childhood to love him from the extreme affection borne by our beloved father to him. It was singular they should enter into their rest so nearly at the same time.

Will you remember us all *most* kindly to Mrs. Gisborne ; we do thank God she has been so much supported. Ah ! when does our Heavenly Father ever forget His children when He places them in His refining vessel ! There is so much peace and real consolation in *knowing most* assuredly, that He *only* afflicts to bless, and to manifest His reflection in us, so far as He permits, whilst we are in the body. But is it not delightful to think that, hereafter, we shall indeed be like Him, transformed into the perfect image ?

“ I must transcribe a few lines which have been a great pleasure to us, and, I trust, may please you.

“ ‘ Peacefully, through the tears of parting, and the shudders of death, does eternity shine upon him who has oft times gazed on it throughout his course in the spirit of faith, hope, and love.’ ”

‘Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
 Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
 How grows in Paradise our store.’

. . . . . "With our united very kindest remembrances to yourself and mother,

" Believe me, ever,

Yours very sincerely,

JULIA FOX."

FROM THE REV. JOSEPH JONES.

" Repton, Sep. 29th, 1851.

" MY DEAR FRIENDS,

" Since the latter end of May, I have laid aside the pen—writing as little as possible. I now resume it, and I take a few days to hold, by the pen, some intercourse with my friends. I owe you a letter—I gladly acknowledge the debt—but I fear that I shall not write at present as I could wish. My own views of human life lead me to be silent where many are fluent in the use of language.

" It has pleased God to lead you into the shady walk of sorrow ; and that by a twofold or repeated dispensation. A husband and a father went down to the grave—in a good old age. His removal was in the order of things—for ' we all do fade as a leaf '—and the sere leaf, we know, will soon fall to the ground. But then fell a daughter—a sister—and these fell, in what I may call the early part of life's autumn—and when, as we think, this life was of great importance to their family. And then, in the case of Mr. and Mrs. P——, there is

much to wake the feelings of the heart—since they fell in a foreign land—since they have found a grave amongst strangers—and since all their hopes of revisiting their native shores have been so suddenly and affectingly extinguished.

“In the bereavements which you have sustained, I am well aware that none but yourselves can ever know the sorrow and anguish which you have felt: and had I been able to write to you when your trials were quite recent, I should only have said, ‘Be true to the heart—indulge the gush of grief—but, yet, remember God—shut out an impertinent world—but, on your knees, in your closets, pour out your hearts to Him who has afflicted you, who alone can comfort and support you—and who will be gracious to you.’

“As for Mr. John Gisborne, I can have no other than the most pleasing and consolatory recollections of him. He ‘came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.’ Pure, sound, and simple in the faith of Christ crucified—nothing in his own eyes, and solely confiding in the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ—so deeply humble—so truly benevolent—we can follow him with satisfaction to that higher world in which he now moves, and to those perfect beings with whom he now associates. A husband—a father—gone to the grave; you feel the loss, the privation, and mourn: A husband—a father—gone to the happy skies; you acknowledge his gain, and cannot but rejoice.

“Of Mr. and Mrs. P——, I knew nothing—having only seen them a few times in a cursory way ; but I may hope that they were true believers, and as such, prepared for the change which has taken place. Their trials and troubles, their cares and anxieties, must have been heavy and numerous ; but I may well hope that they looked from things seen to things unseen, and found their death—painful as were the circumstances which attended it—only a transition from sorrow to joy, from the shadows of this terrestrial and transitory world, to the glories of a state that is heavenly and eternal.

“I trust that you can contemplate them with such thoughts ; and, therefore, amidst the bitterness of grief, you have the sweet consolations of Christian hope.

“And now, my dear friends, if I compare a family to a tree, you stand before me in an affecting view. One part of the supporting trunk is fallen—some of the branches have been cut off. But which shall I say to you ? The remaining part of the trunk must, ere long, fall ; the remaining branches, flourishing for a season, will also at length fade, decay, and mingle with the dust. Ah, thus it is, that generations rise, flourish, and then vanish from human view. But we will not hang down our heads in anguish and dismay. We will look to, and cleave to, Him who is ‘the resurrection and the life.’ We will humbly and earnestly seek grace, that we may so live as to rejoin the followers of our Lord in that blessed state where pain and sorrow, death and separa-

tion, are unknown. Yes, we must be up and doing : we will mourn, but we will rejoice : and the remembrance of our dear friends and relations, while it softens our hearts, shall be as an impulse, urging us to be ‘ followers of those ’ who, after a life of faith and obedience, ‘ inherit the promises.’

“ Farewell : forgive my dull, rambling note : but accept it as a token on the part of Mrs. Jones and myself, of affectionate remembrance and sympathy. We all are in the hands of a gracious God and Father. We know His wisdom, power, and goodness: we bow to His will, and say, ‘ It is well.’

“ I am, my dear Friends,  
Yours affectionately,  
J. JONES.”

FROM THE REV. R. RILEY, *who was 5th Wrangler in 1785, and afterwards a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

“ Marwood Rectory, Nov. 3rd, 1851.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ My acquaintance with your lamented father, and my most valued friend, began in 1789, at St. John's College, Cambridge, where I had the pleasure of being his private tutor.

“ In his whole career, he was distinguished and beloved for his piety, and its genuine offspring—every moral duty. He graduated in 1792, and the respectable

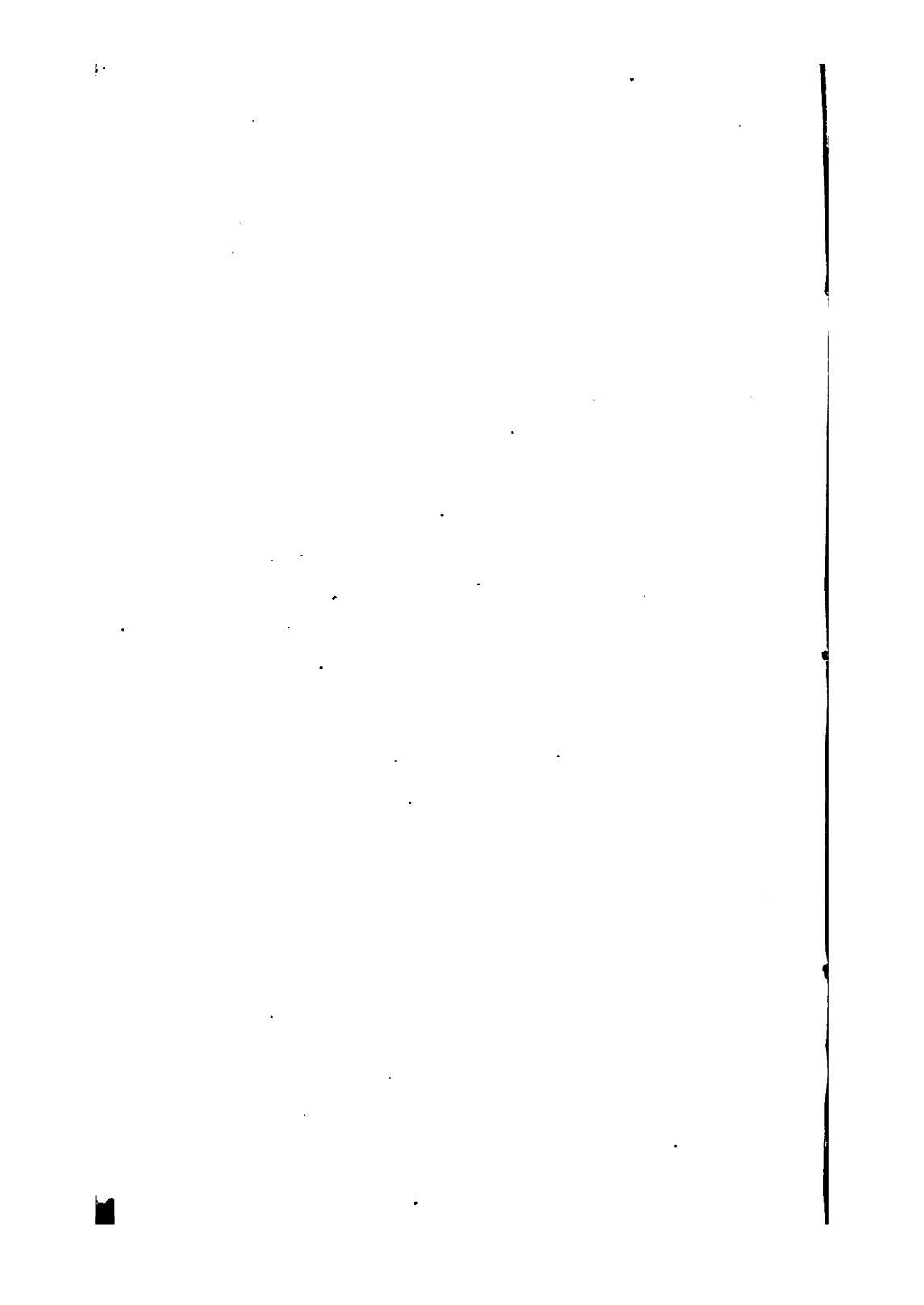
place which he occupied in the Tripos, is evidence of considerable attainments in his academical studies. He was a good classical scholar, and no mean proficient in Latin versification, as proved by his Tripos verses.

“In after life he acquired great knowledge in Botany as a science. And his English poems, which he dedicated to the service of religion and virtue, have great merit. I believe the last invocation of his muse, was for the benefit of his native Church.

“It was my privilege and happiness to enjoy his friendship through life, and that also of your mother. I remain behind for a short time : and as long as memory holds her seat, every remembrance of my friend will be dear to me.

“I am, my dear Madam,  
With every kind wish for yourself and circle,  
Yours sincerely,  
RICHARD RILEY.”





A FEW

**EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY**

OF

**JOHN GISBORNE, ESQ.**

" I find it useful to make these memorandums, for never am I more sensible of my own vileness, than when employed in recording the mercies and visitations of GOD. Let me ever remember Derby, Mackworth, Harrow, Cambridge, and Wootton, &c., &c., and I think (under Christ's blessing) I cannot be proud, self-righteous, or a hypocrite. ' God be merciful to me a sinner,' is a prayer that suits me every hour.

JOHN GISBORNE."

# DIARY.

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## CHAPTER I.

MARCH 1800 TO AUGUST 1815.

ON the 9th of March, I experienced almost the heaviest affliction that could have befallen me: one only affliction, indeed, could have been more grievous, and that would have been the loss of my beloved Millicent, whose life I *daily pray* may be longer than my own. On this melancholy day died my tender Mother, and, as it will be a consolation to me throughout my life to remember her, and her goodness of heart, I must write down some particulars.

I had spent two happy days at Crakemarsh with my Mother, not three weeks before my heart was destined to lose one of its dearest treasures: and I had then remarked how cheerful and well my Mother appeared. Delighted with her new residence, and dwelling with much affectionate pleasure on a promise I had given of bringing Millicent and some of the children to pass a week or two at Crakemarsh, she seemed to disclose as much health and spirits as I ever knew my parent to possess: of the latter, indeed, my Mother had such a share as God

always bestows on those that love Him, and keep His commandments : of the former, she never in my remembrance possessed a comfortable portion for many weeks together; but her bodily infirmities served only to make her more zealous in good works.

Alas! how uncertain are all our earthly possessions ; how fleeting and transient are the joys of this life ! Not a week had elapsed after my departure from Crakemarsh, when I had the severe surprise and alarm of receiving a letter from Mr. Riddlesden, informing me that my Mother had sent for him, and he suspected she had Gallstones passing from the albugineous coats of the eyes. He promised to write the following day, with every particular. I was at this time with my wife and two children at Tissington ; and nothing but Mr. Riddlesden expressing no apprehensions of danger could have delayed my presence at Crakemarsh. For several days following I received regular information, and such indeed as raised my hopes and spirits. But, alas! on the very day that we had fixed for dining at Crakemarsh, my dear Mother sent for me ; and when we arrived, God alone knows the sorrows of my heart. I found my dear parent extremely ill, yet overjoyed at seeing me ; full of inquiries after Millicent and the children below stairs, and particularly about Harriet, who was then ill. She got up some little time before dinner, and walked firmly to her chair at the fire-side, though evidently full of severe pain. After dinner I was with her till we took our leave of each other, when I promised to return

immediately after Church the next morning. I cannot omit one affecting circumstance, in harmony with all my beloved Mother's good-nature towards me. With a look of inexpressible tenderness, and consummate affection, she said before dinner, "You will *not* leave me." As my child was ill, and Millicent very far from health and spirits, I mentioned these circumstances with a few others, which made a few hours' residence at Holly Bush extremely desirable; and immediately she assented, expressing pleasure and satisfaction at my *promise*.

On Sunday I found my parent much as she was the preceding day, expressing much pleasure at seeing me, and kissed me most affectionately; and asked after my wife and family with great solicitude. She passed a sad, painful night, and the acute pain brought on deliriums, which were not of long duration. Dr. Darwin came on Monday, and I collected from him, that my dear Mother's situation was hazardous indeed, but not hopeless. I went home on Tuesday night, and returned the next morning.

During no part of my Mother's illness escaped there from her lips the smallest murmur. Both in her calm state, and during the deliriums, my Mother displayed the pious tone of her mind; by exclamations of the devoutest nature, and phrases which the good are never ashamed to utter.

I left Crakemarsh principally at night, because my poor Mother was always desirous of having me near her in the

day time, and I found neither my health nor spirits would be able to support me in my daily duty, if I did not contrive to get rest. If, in any point, I neglected my duty to the best of Mothers, may God forgive me. I cannot omit saying how grateful to my God, and how grateful also, to my dear parent I daily feel, at reflecting upon the numerous fond and endearing expressions she, throughout her illness, applied to me, and the frequent exclamation of, "God bless you, my dear Johnny." "God Almighty bless you, my dear son."

On Friday morning a letter met me, and I hastened to Crakemarsh—had the consolation to find my brother and sister there. I went up stairs; my Mother seemed much worse, and scarcely knew me, which afflicted me much. At last she did know me; but, in a few moments, she uttered such heart-rending screams, from agony, a pain, and delirium, that I was obliged to leave the room; and what followed God and my heart only knows. Sure I am, at that period, death to me would have been the most acceptable gift of God: but He thought otherwise, and has spared me; and if He pleases will permit me to derive daily good for years to come, from the lessons of sickness, of sorrow, of piety, and resignation the house at Crakemarsh unfolded.

On Saturday I found my dear Mother sitting up in bed; she kissed me most tenderly, calling on my name, "Johnny, Johnny." On going down stairs the servant followed me and said her Mistress had perpetually been

saying, "Pray by me, pray, pray." I returned and asked my Mother if I should call my brother to pray with her; she directly said, "Yes, yes! Do, do!" When we were all assembled and knelt down, my brother began, my Mother sitting up without the least assistance or support, perfectly calm, and her dear head lifted up in adoration of that God whose mercies we were then imploring. Till now, my Mother had scarcely ever been free for a moment from pain. I could scarcely attend to the prayers so much as I ought, from my surprise and my gratitude at the goodness of my Creator, in thus once more restoring her to ease. But my astonishment increased, when I found that she was able to repeat sentence after sentence with my brother. In that beautiful prayer in the service for the sick, wherein we pray that the sick person "may bear her sickness patiently," my Mother seemed animated with that phrase, moved her dear head and hands in sure token of her trust in God, and repeated the word, "patiently" with much affecting emphasis. With composure, and pious, and affecting looks, my Mother saw us arise, and, without any remark, saw us go out of the room.

Soon after breakfast Dr. Darwin came and found my Mother no better; she was up, but took little notice, complaining of pain all over, and of great restlessness: and now, for the first time, did her strength fail her. On my going up stairs I found her sitting up, and I pressed her dear head on my breast. She was soon conveyed to bed, frequently calling upon, "Johnny,



Johnny," but not with that distinct tone she had hitherto done, and which too well told me that I should not long hear any sound from those dear lips, which were ever praying for blessings on her children.

Sunday morning, March 9th, arrived, and I found my Mother breathing hard and moaning softly. Before noon she opened her eyes suddenly, and looked upon us all with uncommon affection and attention for a few moments, and then closed them again. About 3 o'clock my Mother's pulse I could scarcely feel, it just trembled. I remembered what she once said to me, "John, did you ever feel a dying pulse." I said, "no;" she replied, "It trills like a spring of a watch when it is running down after being broken." Her dear fingers were cold, but her lips warm, and in the midst of my sorrow, I was thankful to God that she seemed quite free from pain. My brother, who was much afflicted, asked me to walk out with him for a quarter of an hour; we did so, and, on our return, we were informed that *all was just over*. We found our dear Mother had given a few sighs, and expired without a struggle or groan. This reminded me of a sentence she frequently had repeated to me: "The sigh that shuts the door of this life, opens the gate of Immortality."

Thus died my beloved Mother, from whom I ever received the best advice and most pious instruction, and for whom I shall ever retain the utmost love and affection.

In the evening I went up stairs to kiss the dear lips of my Mother, and I shall ever remember that beautiful countenance which met my eyes. There was a smile which surpasseth words to describe on her dear, but *cold* lips, and a slight tinge on her cheeks: so like herself was my poor Mother, that I gazed with equal surprise and sorrow. I could not help feeling awed by the silence of the room, where every object seemed to speak of *happier* days.

On Monday my Mother's features were not the least changed, but were inconceivably beautiful; and my Aunt told me the same lovely countenance and smile remained when the coffin was closed.

#### A PRAYER,

which I wrote in Dr. Darwin's Summer-house, by the river Derwent, after one of my melancholy and yet consolatory visits to the Tomb of the best of Mothers. May 31st. 1800.

O Almighty God, who observest the conduct of Thy creatures, and knowest the secrets of their hearts, incline Thine ear to my prayer, and grant that the visit I have paid to the chancel of St. Alkmund's Church, may create in my heart that purity of affection, that chastity of sentiment, and that piety and devotion which the Good alone possess. And further grant, Almighty God, that while I remember the unwearied love and affection of my dear departed Mother, my heart may glow with grati-

tude to Thee for having given me such an inestimable Parent. And since dust and ashes are permitted to ask Thy tender pity and forgiveness, so, gracious Lord, purify my soul, regenerate my heart, and sanctify my thoughts, that, at the Day of Judgment, I may not be found unworthy of Thy blessed mercy, nor to have lived on earth ungrateful to Thee, my Heavenly Creator. For such mercies Thy servant will ever pray through the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind.

Feb. 13th, 1801. Two and twenty years have now elapsed since the death of my much honoured Father. Eight years back my dear Milly was sitting by the side of my ever beloved Mother, in the drawing-room, at Castle Bromwich, when, with eyes full of tears, my Mother said, "I have now served two apprenticeships, but God only knows whether I shall live another seven years." She did live the seven years, and almost a month besides: and, if it had pleased God, most happy should I have been to have borne testimony to her living to a far more distant period; but God orders all things for the best, and we, as His creatures, ought to be content. Yet, O Lord, to my dying day I shall sorrow, but *not* without hope.

Nov. 3rd. I have spent this day, I hope and believe, not unprofitably; and O may I ever be thankful for such a blessing. My brother and myself walked for full two hours about the Holly-Falls, and I never remember

to have seen those enchanting scenes in higher beauty. I derived delight, and, through God's assistance, I hope improvement from my affectionate brother's conversation on many subjects, but more especially on those where religion was concerned. After dinner my sister gave me for perusal a number of letters from my brother, to our dear and honoured Father ; some written when he was at Mackworth, some when at Harrow, and others when he resided at St. John's College. In all of them his simplicity of character, acuteness of understanding, and sweetness of disposition, may at once be discovered: and a perusal of them, *in order*, serves only to show that my dear brother was ever "going on unto perfection." I hope, (I pray) that I feel no envious sensations when I contemplate the greatness of my brother's character—his exalted talents, his Christian excellence; and though, in the contemplation, I perceive my own weakness and folly, yet I hope, and I *pray*, that this perception may animate my daily endeavours after Christian knowledge and Christian practice.

Feb. 11th and 12th, 1803. Two uncommonly severe frosts, though a full South wind had prevailed for near fifty hours; and the quicksilver three degrees above fair. Thus, O Lord, is Thy glorious and Almighty power manifested! Thou art He who casteth forth Thine ice like morsels, and again blowest with Thy South wind, and the waters flow; or, if Thou pleasest, Thou canst display Thy supremacy over the elements in another manner, and bind up the earth and the rivers by the

breath of the South. Thus, O God, is Thy power exemplified in Thy moral government, when out of the naturally depraved and frozen heart Thou causest, by regeneration, goodness to flow.

Feb. 12th. Noon. The thaw has gently commenced. May Thy wonders, O Lord! thaw the frost of my heart, and melt my soul into prayer, faith, and repentance.

March 9th. This is the third anniversary of my dear Mother's death; may I dare to look forward to another? God only knows. However, He will dispose of His servant as He pleaseth—of his servant? O! that I could truly say, "Lord, I am Thine." But I will say, "Lord, let the light of Thy countenance shine upon my soul, and then my heart will practise what my lips in Thy Holy Church declare." Thy goodness, Lord, exceeds all that my heart can unfold. For though Thou didst afflict Thy creature most bitterly in the death of his Mother, yet, in the midst of my sorrow, Thou refreshedst my soul. Thou madest me, O Lord, at that hour (sinner as I was and am) to taste of heaven on earth, for Thou madest me to feel more sensibly than I ever did before—the beauty of holiness and the glory of faith. Hear, O Lord, my prayers, compose and sanctify my thoughts, and spiritualise the tempers and dispositions of all my family, my friends, my enemies (if I have any) and of the world.

March 8th, 1806. It is six years this day since that impressive scene took place at Crakemarsh, and which

was made (through God's mercy to my soul) the most eventful scene to me. I date much of my late love of my Bible, and of (I trust and pray) my abhorrence of sin, to this scene. May I never forget it. May it speak comfort to me in my dying hours. But what language can express the deep gratitude I ought to feel to my God, my Saviour, my Sanctifier, who thus heard my dear Mother's prayers, and has best answered her repeated entreaty for His blessing on her son John, by making him more humble, more contrite, and more pious. What shall I render unto Thee, O God; I can render nothing acceptable save through the purifying merits of my only Redeemer. Without His sanctifying mediation my very prayers are unclean in Thy sight. Pardon me, O God, through Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen.

March 9th, 1807. How many unexpected events have happened to me since this period in the last year. Little did I then dream of being removed from our beloved Holly Bush, and my prayers, on this subject, are a proof of my anxiety to have never changed our earthly residence for another in this vale of tears. But though I have grieved, and still cannot refrain from grieving (yea, *bitterly* at times) I will say, "Thy will, O God, be done." For I am sure that my God would never have held the cup of expectancy to my lips for so many years, and then dashed it from my lips, had He not intended to do me a kindness. Perhaps I was becoming too fond of Holly Bush: too much bent on improving my lands to the neglect of my Bible, and other serious reading; or, per-

haps I should have injured my fortune in the cultivation of my forest allotment, and hence my mind and temper would have been harassed and soured, and the education of my dear children perhaps, in some degree, cramped and injured. I will now cease to search for the reasons of my God's conduct towards me in removing me from Holly Bush; as I must be convinced, if I consider (and which, indeed, I do with great amazement at times) how I was cheered and supported during the whole of last summer, that the dispensations of my God are all mercies; though attended with present disappointments, crosses, and sorrow. O my soul, thou art well aware of this glorious truth: and yet thou art frequently full of grief at the loss of thy earthly tabernacle! Father, forgive, for Christ's sake. I ought to remember, with daily and sincere gratitude, the wonderful goodness of Almighty God in first bringing me to Holly Bush. Can I ever forget that rainy day when I first saw that beautiful retreat. Little did I then think how my God was then leading my steps to future comforts of a spiritual nature. While I live will I praise my God, for His loving pity and protection. And let me, in order to appreciate the value of His first bringing me to Holly Bush, frequently consider what might have been the state of my heart, had He left me to finish my days at Wootten. And now let me remember with *lasting* gratitude, how He enabled me to dispose of my property with advantage to my dear family: thus kindly softening my distress at my removal whenever I looked upon the future wants of my children: and surely I can never be so wicked as to

forget His extraordinary mercy in again providing me a residence within a moderate distance of my much loved brother, and of many valued neighbours about the Forest. May it please God, in His own good time, to provide us with a home of our *own*, where we may end our earthly race near to the society now around us, and, as one of the greatest privileges on this side of Heaven, near to a Church where the pure truths of the Gospel are faithfully preached.

*Orgreave*, Aug. 6th. My dear Frederic is now on his road to school, and for the first time in his life. When I reflect on the many hours which we have pleasantly spent together, I cannot refrain from tears at the loss of his company, and his empty chair in my study touches me more sensibly than perhaps it ought to do. Most earnestly do I hope, and most *diligently* will I pray to my God, my Saviour, and my Sanctifier, that They, the blessed Trinity, will bless him for ever and ever; and not for him only, but my dear John, and my dear nephews likewise. I thank God that I have learnt one useful lesson at least, from my own vile and treacherous heart, which is this, that nothing but the constant supplies of divine grace can enable my dear boys to *think*, or *speak*, or *do what is right*. This discovery may have cost me many pangs, but I am thankful it has been made known unto me; and O that it may be instrumental in the hands of Providence, to the more decided religious character and frames of my own heart. O Lord, I pray Thee cleanse, regenerate, and save me and mine. The tem-



porary loss of my dear Frederic, reminds me forcibly of that time when I thought him lost for ever as far as this world was concerned; and I trust that we all who experienced so much affliction about him at Cotton, and again so much joy at his being found, shall ever adore the unspeakable goodness of God to us on that remarkable occasion. Alas! how often have days and weeks rolled over my head, and even while Frederic has been my companion, without a recollection or a word of thanksgiving on this most interesting subject. Did I not continually experience the evil of my own heart, I should wonder and be at a loss how to account for such inattention and such base ingratitude. O what a heart is mine—how deeply polluted with original and acquired corruption. If left but for a moment to itself, of what folly—of what great sinfulness is the owner immediately guilty! Lord, Thou knowest *all* things, and I would hope that, in the main, I am yet anxious to love Thee. Say then, blessed Jesus, to my soul, “I will, be thou clean.” Let these sentiments ever be warm and uppermost in my mind; and let me not deceive myself by fancying that I am so much better in heart from making memorandums like these. It is easy, O Christ, to write Thy praises, but O that I and mine may obey Thy Laws!

April 22nd, 1810. On this day died my neighbour, Isaac Fisher, and I cannot doubt of the change which he has experienced, proving a most blessed one to him, through the merits of our Lord and Saviour. He was altogether a very extraordinary man, and I have had

many a pleasant walk to his cottage, and many a religious discourse with him and his son, who died last year. May I be thankful for all these past delights and privileges! I never again expect to see so much learning and piety combined together in a poor Village Tailor; for, in history, sacred and profane, but especially in the former, his knowledge was *very great*; in figures he was skilful, and he had a taste for astronomy and mathematics, and for philosophy in general. His memory was wonderful till within a twelvemonth of his death, and he frequently gave me accounts of things which he had seen fifty and sixty years before, and perhaps only once, and of his accuracy, in such matters, I cannot make a question. Truth and simplicity (the latter quite Patriarchal) shone in his words and manners: and though he had been naturally a man of warm tempers, yet the grace of God had wonderfully subdued them, and he was kind and forgiving towards all. I have heard him speak forcibly of an injury received by himself or by others; but if the eye looked a little stern for a few seconds, and if the tongue uttered a sentiment somewhat severe, the sternness of the former soon gave way to the mild returning beams of pity and forgiveness; and the sharpness of the latter was mellowed down into expressions of apology and allowance for the offender.

On one occasion, as we were talking of monuments, he described a variety of the parts of a monument in Hanbury Church, which he had once visited with his father, about seventy years ago: and, as it happened

that I was acquainted with the general appearance of the same, I was not a little astonished at his strength of recollection. Through life he had been a great reader, and, as he has often said, a great sinner. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth:" and his love of Christian knowledge had taught him well what he was by nature and practice, and he was ever ready to condemn himself. Living in the midst of Methodists, he maintained a steady attachment to the Church, and was content to remain in his pew, though he could discover the evil, and would not refrain from many free remarks of that moral preaching which prevailed in his parish church. Yet I never knew him attend the meeting, though he was thankful, I believe, that the followers of Wesley were in his village.

Aug. 26th. To-day I was forty! How awful is it for me to think how large a portion of that period has been spent in sin! How comfortable, however, the thought, and how refreshing the hope, that, for ten years, I have been, more or less, awakened by the grace of God from the lethargy of my iniquity, and that I have been enabled to know *something* of that hungering and thirsting after Christ's righteousness, which the Bible so strongly recommends. May I be blessed in my public and secret communion with God, and may I think it a privilege and a real delight to be found frequently and earnestly seeking for further supplies of the Holy Ghost, without whose aid I can do nothing in thought, word, and deed that is good. At this moment, I feel depravity

within me; but I expect, from past and bitter experience, to find myself *daily* attacked by the master, whose service I hope and pray ever to abhor and renounce. May every anniversary of my birth-day, if any should be granted, find me more and more the dutiful servant of the Holy Trinity: and may my beloved wife and children, relations and friends, joyfully serve the same glorious Triune God for ever and ever. Amen.

April 22nd, 1813. This is the fifth anniversary of the death of our dear friend, Charlotte Smith, who died, I verily believe, a truly humble and faithful servant of our blessed Lord. O! may we all often think of our dear departed friend, and be thankful through the grace of Christ, for her edifying example! May it be sanctified to all her survivors. How good was our Heavenly Father in conducting me so safely, to and from, Swansea! May I never forget Thy kindness, O Lord.

March 9th, 1815. This is, indeed, a memorable anniversary, for, to-morrow my dear Milly and the greatest part of my family expect to leave Orgreave for ever. It is the will of God that we should go, and as there were many alleviating circumstances which were permitted to arise when the necessity of our departure from Holly Bush was made known, and after that event had actually taken place, so now three most consolatory circumstances have arisen which cannot but awaken our gratitude and joy—a truly faithful preacher of the Gospel is resident in the Parish. A Bible Society is not only established

but flourishing. A large school, for the religious education of the youth of both sexes, is on the eve of being built, and very well supported throughout the Parish. And although, if it had pleased God so to have ordered our affairs that we might have remained here, our religious privileges and religious employments would have been great and numerous; yet, O! *with what rejoicing* may we *now* leave Orgreave, in comparison with those *very* few feelings of comfort which we should have experienced if we had been obliged to have left at the expiration of the term for which we originally took it. Let us all then praise the Lord God, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost—the Divine Comforter of our souls, for ever and ever.

I could easily fill this paper with enumerations of the Lord's mercies, even while He is chastening us; but may we cherish them *in our souls* by faith with thanksgiving; and may we prove our dependence on the blessed Trinity to be genuine, by really hungering and thirsting after righteousness, both justifying and sanctifying, which our Redeemer has purchased for miserable sinners.

## CHAPTER II.

AUGUST, 1815, TO JANUARY, 1818.

*Blackpool*, Aug. 8th, 1815. May I often joyfully call to mind the delightful singing from Raikes's Hall, yesterday, as Fanny Wright and I walked to Church in the evening. For a short blessed interval I felt my sinful heart soaring aloft with happiness, as the loud echoes of the psalm, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," fell on my ears. O what must be the rapturous effect of millions of choirs breaking forth from the vast temple of the skies, in the praises of the ever blessed Trinity!

*Lytham*, 29th, 1816. During this month I have been less frequently assaulted in my dreams by my cruel persecutor, Satan. He still, however, torments my imagination and my thoughts at my prayers, and I am often ready to sink under his darts. Lord, increase my faith in Jesus *every moment*. I sometimes am forced to say some of my prayers two and three times over before I can be satisfied, as I wish to pray with the deepest humility, duty, penitence, and faith. Not that I foolishly expect to be heard for *much speaking*; but I am desirous of showing my hatred of the Devil's cruel snares and wicked schemes, and that I really *labour* to pray with attention and holy reverence, and *from my heart*. This terrible warfare at

the hour of prayer especially, as well as the malicious assaults of the Devil in my dreams (ardently as I pray for deliverance from both) I must expect to experience, in a greater or less degree as long as I live. Satan does not easily give up those who have formerly been his willing slaves. May I often remember the godly sermons of Mr. Stanwix, upon the Devil *tearing* the poor man before he came out of him. May I take encouragement from these ever blessed words, "Come out of him;" and may I persist boldly and faithfully when attacked in my dreams, to leave my bed as soon as I awake, and proceed earnestly to my prayers for pardon, grace, and eternal salvation through Christ. This plan (blessed be God) I have been enabled to follow up boldly for some time, even in the coldest and darkest nights of winter, and sometimes twice during the same night.

*Hamstall*, Feb. 14. On Sunday last, my dear friend, Mr. Cooper, preached two as awakening sermons as I ever heard from his lips. The first at Yoxall. "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye *must* be born again." O my God, and Saviour, and Sanctifier, I can truly say that my heart rejoiced, though full of self-condemnation, as well it might be, during the discourse. The second at Hamstall. "The acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." I never was, I think, more deeply impressed by a sermon. I had much difficulty to stop my tears in such a way as to avoid observation. I could gladly have wept a flood at the recollection of the mercies of my God and Saviour, and of the

old, and, I trust, deeply lamented rebellions of my heart at Mackworth, Harrow, College, and elsewhere. My friend's exhortations were so strong, and yet so winning, and so scriptural; and his manner so peculiarly energetic, and yet so affectionate, that surely all who heard him must have been in some measure touched to the heart. May I remember this day with dutiful gratitude.

Feb. 28th. The end of this month is now come, and I have been enabled to pay all my promised visits in Staffordshire without accident or delay. Kindness, love, and regard have met me at every door, and followed me wherever I took my leave; and yet I am strangely tired of this wandering life. Separated from my dear sick wife, and dear family, I feel myself a stranger and pilgrim upon earth; and nothing but a sense of duty would take me to Derby, where and in its neighbourhood, I look for many and heavy trials. But I look for support and patience from my God.

*Darley*, March 13th. Distressing accounts of my beloved Milly have reached me; and I bless God, that He has disposed my dear wife's mother to offer to accompany me immediately to Lytham. O that my fears and sorrows may be composed! This has been a memorable day. O Lord, support me and my family under our sore trials, and for Christ's sake be abundantly merciful to my Milly. Let thy grace dwell richly in her soul, and then all will be well. Thanks be unto Thee, O God, for that resignation and cheerful submission to Thy will, which



she has now for four years so remarkably displayed. I believe, I may truly say that I never heard a murmur, or a repining fall from her lips during the whole four years. Surely this patience was not natural to her. No, it is the blessed gift of God, it is the fruit of religion in the heart: it is formed there by Divine pity, and Divine love. May I be thankful.

*Blackpool.* Aug. 26th. I am this day forty-six years of age—an old sinner. But may I hope—a true penitent? My dear wife, children, and others have congratulated me on my birth-day; and blessed be God, that He has led me to pray that this may be the *death-day* of my wrong tempers, lusts, evil thoughts, natural and acquired depravities. Not that I expect to sin no more, for what man liveth, and sinneth not; if not voluntarily, surely involuntarily every day, perhaps every hour. What then? shall I not pray that *this* may be the *death-day* of the dominion of Satan over my soul; and that for the future the spirit may contend successfully against the flesh. Yea, Lord, to my dying moment may I thus pray in single dependance on Christ for justification in Thy sight. Amen.

Jan. 1st, 1817. The new year has commenced gloomily, for our accounts of Frederic's health are still distressing: but oh! how much more so would they have been, if unaccompanied with his strong expressions of holy resignation and faith. I must confess that in addition to all my troubles about his illness, I have been

rather cast down at the failure of my too strongly cherished hopes of his success at the late College Examination. For *this* success God knows how often I have prayed; but, thanks to His controlling grace, not for *this* favour only; but that he might, when he had taken his degree, become a faithful, zealous, minister of the Gospel; and if allowed, such shall be my future prayer for my dear son. I hope I have not been too importunate with the Lord upon the subject of Frederic's success at College; but may I learn unfeigned moderation on this point, and cordial submission to the will of Heaven. Surely the Lord is a forgiving, loving, and compassionate Being, and therefore He must do right and well too for all His creatures. Perhaps the Lord in thus withering my hopes on this occasion, has done it to remind me more and more of my own College rebellions against Him, for the pardon of which He has long taught me to pray, and through the meritorious atonement of my Divine Surety, I believe they are forgiven. Perhaps the disappointment is chiefly for my son's good; but at all events, may it be sanctified to us both.

Feb. 13th. I arrived in safety at this place (Blackpool) upon Saturday, the 8th of this month, after my long journey into Hertfordshire. Many were the mercies I experienced during my absence. Would to God that I could meditate upon them with a less troubled mind; but Satan is ever busy, and He says, if I may not tempt him to the commission of gross sins, I will try to distract his

attention, and pollute his mind with those fiery darts, against which no human shield can avail. With conflicts of this nature I have long been dreadfully acquainted, and but for the Lord, I must have yielded or sunk into despair. But I am still able to pray, and fully as earnestly as ever, through the help of the Spirit, for an entire washing from the hated leprosy of my sins. I pray for a heart as cold as ice, and as dead as monumental marble, towards the enticements of Satan; but as tender as the wax before the fire, to the impressions of chastity, penitence, piety, and faith. I can call my blessed God to witness my prayers to this effect, night and day, and that in thus avowing the nature of my secret supplications, I lie not. Oh! what thanks, and what gratitude are due from me to the adorable Trinity. May I not say, as Alice Whalley observed, "What a mercy is it to be out of Hell!"

March 9th. Satan has been at his old work, but I know and feel that I have been supported against him. Still he has attacked, and harassed me again and again. It is surely very trying and discouraging to awaken with the hated recollection of a hated dream, after praying a few hours before, for holy ideas in my sleep, for penitential, and prayerful dreams. Yet surely it is a matter of great consolation, and of deep thankfulness not to be deserted at such cold, dark, and dreary seasons, when the Enemy thinks he has gained the victory. Thanks be to God, and Jesus, and the Holy Spirit, that on *all* such occasions as I have alluded to, I have been

enabled to spring from my bed, and speedily fall on my knees in prayer, and I have afterwards usually passed a comfortable night in peaceful slumbers. In these gloomy seasons I might have been left in despair, or fretfulness, sullenness and unbelief, but thanks be again to the Holy Trinity, I have not been *thus* cut off. Yet, if I could have my own will, I would dream every night of my existence in this evil world, of piety, of portions of holy Writ, of penitence, of constant single faith in the Lord Jesus *alone* for salvation. Yea, I would pray to God, and praise Him throughout my slumbers every night. For such dreams will I not cease to supplicate Heaven while I am permitted, whether they are granted or not.

In my desires after the imputed righteousness of Christ, I think I am more and more earnest. Doubtless nothing but His merits can save me from the wrath of God. Still, however, the Enemy shoots at the stricken Deer, and faith in that blood which cleanseth from *all* sin, can alone blunt and shiver his fiery darts into atoms. Lord, give me and mine, and all for whom I ever pray, this precious faith, or we perish.

The trials from within and from without have been various, but mercies have been flowing around me, and some very unexpected ones.

April 22nd. Mr. Cooke, of the Post-office, at Blackpool, died this morning; and thanks be to God, I believe an humble penitent. He said to me on Sunday, with much

emphasis, and with eyes upturned to Heaven, "I am looking up, I am constantly looking that way." I shall not soon forget the earnestness with which he clasped my hand as he repeatedly said, "God bless you, Sir, God bless you, and *all* your family." During his illness, he had frequently declared the delight which he experienced in reading Mr. Cooper's familiar Sermons; and he said, "They shew me what a poor creature I am." Stackhouse's Bible was, as he used to say, his "best friend." Mr. Cooke had lived near thirty years at Charlestown, in America, as a merchant, and he has frequently given me very interesting accounts of his becoming a soldier from necessity during the war—that unnatural war, which so justly cost England her American Colonies. Though in his seventy-eighth year, he could enter upon these topics with surprising energy at times, and seemed for a while to forget his infirmities. He lost most of his property at Charlestown, because, after the Peace, he would not take the oath of allegiance to the American Government; and he certainly was warmly attached to his native land, having been born at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire.

I have this evening walked to Moyster's cottage, where I found him and his family wearing their usual smile of contentment in the midst of considerable poverty. I do not know altogether a better family. So much poverty, so much simplicity, so much cheerful resignation, so much love and faith towards God and Jesus. Let me often remember his sensible remarks about baptism, and his wishes that a Clergyman should explain, in an occasional

sermon, the meaning of those strong expressions in the baptismal service: and let me not forget his shrewd remark, "I like to know that a Clergyman is *well* employed on the Saturday. He ought to consider deeply his sermon."

June 14th. The Christian is compared to a soldier, who must not only *expect* to fight, but must be sensible of the thrust of his Enemy's sword every day, perhaps, every hour. The Devil, the world, and the flesh, are leagued together for my destruction. The *first*, I know, is always on the watch, with impure, yet, thanks be to God, not unabhorréd thoughts and suggestions by day; and with hated dreams by night, he delights to harass me. But by the continued help of my God, for Christ's sake, I am enabled to persevere in prayer and fight on. The *second*, attacks me in various places and in divers ways. But yet I can say, with the feeling of honest truth, and I hope, gratitude, to my God and Saviour, that the happiest moments of my life are at Church, or when I am reading the Scriptures, or a sermon, or prayers to my wife and family. The *third*, ah! what a plague is an evil heart. Yet, blessed be God, there are times when I feel my heart much subdued, and melted down with filial love. These are precious times—times of great refreshment to a traveller like me. Thus cast down, and thus raised up; thus sorrowful, and thus rejoicing; thus tempted, and thus succoured, I have been passing the last ten or eleven weeks: and I have reason to expect a renewal of my adversaries' attacks every hour. Yet, by the grace of God, I will struggle and pray

against *all* sin, and especially those sins to which by nature and practice I have formerly been most addicted.

July 15th. We have this day parted with our excellent friend, Mrs. Wilmot. What a blessed place must Heaven be, where dear friends part no more, but are *for ever* with their God and Saviour! My life is rolling fast away; and I feel as if I did little or nothing each day, and yet, I know that I am not idle. Perhaps I may be more profitably employed in a little time. "Let patience have her perfect work."

Aug. 16th. After more than a month's confinement from illness, occasioned by a large abscess under my jaw, I am again nearly well. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not, if possible, one of His benefits. I have been taught in this illness *how little* can be done in the way of supplication, prayer, and praise, when the body is distracted with pain; and that it is madness, as well as impiety, to trifle with days of health and ease, when a portion of each of them should be thankfully and joyfully spent in the allowed confession of sin—past and present—in *earnest* entreaties for larger and larger measures of divine grace—in hungerings and thirsting after the saving and imputed righteousness of Christ. May I remember, practically, this lesson, and every other which the suddenness of my indisposition, and the pain it occasioned, and now the merciful deliverance from most, if not all, of the evil consequences of it, are calculated to teach me.

Aug. 29th. I have already observed that my illness was sudden, and its lowering effects on my constitution very powerful. Let me then bear in my mind (by the constant help of God) that my life is suspended, as it were, by a hair over the ocean of Eternity. It is true that this hair is a chain of steel, if the Lord pleases, but it is at the same time of such a composition that the breath of His displeasure can dissolve every link in a moment. Would to God, that at Mackworth, Harrow, College, and elsewhere, I had always thus reflected upon the frailty of my earthly existence. The deliverance, which I now experience, is wonderful, and demands continual praise from a sinner. O that as long as I have any being I may faithfully love and serve God!

The same God, who has been so gracious to me and my family in restoring my health, has also cheered our drooping spirits respecting Frederic's College prospects, which from his protracted state of ill health, have long been gloomy. How unlikely, but a few weeks ago, was it that Frederic should (if he was spared) have a chance of being a Fellow of Peterhouse College; whereas, now he has a fair prospect of obtaining such a benefit.

It remains for me to acknowledge, and with deep thankfulness, I trust, the important improvement in Millicent's state of health and strength. How easy is it for me to write down, "deep thankfulness," and other fair sounding phrases; but ah! my soul, how difficult it is for thee to be sincere and faithful towards thy God! Not



an hour, nay, scarcely five minutes, can pass by without affording fresh proof of thy remaining treachery forgetfulness, and sin. It is well for thee, my soul, that thou hast opened unto thee, a fountain for sin and all uncleanness. There is a voice from Heaven, continually saying unto thee, "Wash, and be clean!"

There is already a surprising addition of strength bestowed on my dear wife, and though she is still a prisoner in her room, she is no longer a captive on her couch; for she sits up daily for half an hour, and walks a few yards with help. In the eyes of those who have witnessed her state for the last five years, the change is great and merciful indeed. May she go on from strength to strength (both bodily and spiritually): and may her recovery be complete before another summer shall arrive; at an earlier period, it can hardly be expected, I presume; but all things are possible with God. The grand subject of all our prayers, connected with dear Milly's restoration, ought to be this—May the restoration be *really* sanctified to all of us! May it lead the rescued sufferer from things of time and sense, to those of eternity! May it lead her husband, children, relations, friends, servants and neighbours, to a more frequent communion with God, and Jesus, and the Holy Spirit; to a livelier faith, to a deeper repentance and hatred of *all* sin; to a *daily pious consistency* of behaviour! If these fruits be not found in us, the long captivity, and the expected recovery of my wife, will be spiritually lost upon herself and upon us; they will have failed through our *own* love of sin to

produce those consequences; which God, kindly intended; and our doom will be dreadful.

Sept. 2nd. Satan has twice afflicted me, since my illness, with his poisonous darts in my dreams; but by the grace of God, he was prevented from making me either sullen or desponding. Let me not faint, O Lord, in these horrid trials; yet, if it please Thee, let my dreams be pure, penitential, prayerful. Thou knowest, blessed God, that such is my heart's desire. I praise Thee, I adore Thee, for the *desire*. Perfect a good work in my soul. Leave me not to myself for a moment. Withdraw not Thy saving-grace from me, either by night or day.

Oct. 31st. We have had seven weeks of dry weather, and a glorious harvest. Sans Deo!

The month has rolled away, and strange lights and shades have alternately illumined and obscured my path. Satan has been at work against me; but I can say with truth, and with rejoicing, *prayer, prayer*, has been my refuge! and I have been greatly comforted.

To-day is the anniversary of my dear brother's birth-day. What a debt do I, and others owe, to God, for the example of such a man! May we, who know his worth, prove our esteem for him, by a faithful imitation of his Christian walk! May God grant him extraordinary years, for the benefit of mankind!

During this month my wife has made much progress in her recovery, through mercy. To the astonishment

of *all*, and surely to the awakening of gratitude in many, she has been now enabled by Providence, to walk upon the beach, with a little assistance, and about her room, *without any help*. "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk." Truly the Lord Jesus is the *same* yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Nov. 8th. I have now to record the happy event of my dear Frederic's appointment to a Scholarship. How well I remember the day that he first went to school, from Orgreave to Bonehill, how I watched him as he turned out of the avenue, and how I wept when I saw his vacant chair in my study. He had been a most dutiful pupil, and I had never observed a sullen look upon his dear countenance.

I have again to record additional mercies to my dear wife, who this morning walked as far as the alcove. I cannot but fear lest I, in particular, should feel ungrateful, and act unthankfully! I know something of the treachery of my own heart, and I am satisfied that I can neither think, speak, nor act aright for *one instant*, without the controlling power, and purifying influence of that grace, which Christ has pronounced "sufficient." Every day, every hour more correctly may I say, convinces me of this awful truth. How beautiful, and how suitable to a sinner like me, is this prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon me, and *incline* my heart to keep Thy laws!" "Lord, have mercy upon me, and *write* all Thy laws on my heart, I beseech Thee!"

What a cause of thankfulness, is the continued health of our dear friend, Mr. Cooper. Let me often look back to his first visit at Holly-Bush, and reflect on the Lord's goodness. At what a critical period I became acquainted with my friend! I remember his kindly lending me the Cardiphonia, Omicron, and Scott's Essays; and as we walked over that part of the Forest which lay between the Sudbury road and Yoxall Lodge, some weeks after I had been in possession of these books, he questioned me gently, how I liked them. I believe, I felt some embarrassment at my friend's interrogatory, for I had looked but little into them, yet, even then, what I had seen and understood, I admired. Soon after this walk, I applied myself closely to these delightful volumes, and they are, to this hour, a source of consolation and joy, to my sin-distempered heart. I think, if I were to be allowed only *three* books during my abode on earth, I should have no difficulty in making my selection—my Bible, my Prayer-book, and Scott's Essays. Of this latter work, I can seldom think without a glance in my mind at the following singular occurrence. In the year 1801, I was tempted to put a trifle into the lottery, and was very well pleased with gaining about eighteen pounds by my adventure. One morning, however, some months after my success, I took up Scott's Essays, and, accidentally, shall I say? No, rather, *most providentially*, I fixed my eyes upon that page, where the Author, in his wise observations upon the Tenth Commandment, proves the selfishness and guilt of those who speculate in lotteries. A voice seemed to say unto me, *Thou art the*

*man.*" I made, I believe, an almost instantaneous resolution, that I never would embark in a lottery any more, and by the constraining grace of God, I have kept my vow. But for this awakening voice, I should probably have been tempted to have gone on sinning in this way, especially as my first speculation had been accompanied with some success. Indeed, the Lord's pity, patience, and forbearance towards me, through life, have been wonderful, and He knows, that *at times*, I am affected deeply with a review of His glorious mercies. Would it were always so! My dear friend, Mr. Cooper, has been an instrument in the hands of God, of bringing me more and more to the knowledge of *myself*.

Dec. 1st. The retrospect of the month, which is gone by, what does it unfold? The same conflicts within. Attacks of Satan, even in dreams. His defeats, however, if he hope to drive me from my refuge and consolation. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not His benefits. My desire is to be most humble, most chaste, most penitent, and most faithful, in the Lord Jesus, *alone* for salvation. The spirit is willing, but the heart—how weak, how prone to corruption. Oh! what music in those words, "I will, be thou clean."

To-day, Millicent has walked up the first flight of steps in this house. On Saturday, she made the first attempt of this nature, for the last five years and nine months, and ascended *six* steps! To-day twelve! Surely, the Lord's mercies are great, and increasing towards us.

Surely He will help us, more and more, and crown all, with giving us grateful and believing hearts.

Dec. 6th. Milly tells me she has said most of her prayers *upon her knees*. This is a mercy, which I think worthy of being here recorded. Surely, kneeling is a very becoming attitude for us miserable sinners; and it is now nearly six years, since my dear wife was able to fall on her knees in prayer. May her precious soul be ever in an humble, adoring, position, towards her God and Saviour, and the Holy Ghost!

Dec. 26th. A letter announcing the proposed appointment of John, as fourth mate, in the Asia! A letter announcing the arrival of Frederic, from ill health, at Yoxall Lodge! The first, is a source of joy, the second, a source of fears and sorrows. How chequered is life! The evangelical Poet, Cowper, well remarks, "He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies."

## CHAPTER III.

JANUARY, 1818, TO JANUARY, 1821.

*Blackpool.* Jan. 1st. The last month in the year which expired yesterday, has resembled its predecessors in various particulars. Griefs and joys, fears and hopes, conflicts within (especially at times of devotion) and troubles without. Yet upon the whole my dreams have been less afflicting, and a very few have been prayerful and devout. Oh! that they always might be pure, and full of supplication to God and my Saviour.

Jan. 5th. It is a year yesterday since I set out on my melancholy journey into Hertfordshire, on account of my dear Frederic's alarming illness, and to-day comes a letter announcing his very unfavourable state, at Dr. Bent's, in Derby, and the general wish of my friends, that I should come to him speedily. This I purpose to do (D.V.) in a few days. It may be that the Lord will be again gracious to our prayers, and restore this dear son to be a comfort to his family, and a spiritual example to us all. One great consolation is this: Frederic we all have reason to believe has for some years experienced the blessed work of regenerating grace in his soul; and that if he must be taken from us, he will enter the

sooner into eternal happiness, through the merits of his atoning Redeemer. Just before the above letter reached us, I was looking over different parts of the life of that heavenly man, Philip Henry, and I was much struck with the memorable expression of his, "In the furnace again." Oh! that I had the faith, and holy patience, under the rod, which he displayed. While I was reading the above interesting work, I did not think of receiving such intelligence from Derby, but I will not yet despair of my dear child's restoration, and I will strive to be earnest in my prayers for him.

Jan. 8th. A cheerful and a pious letter from dear Frederic to-day. May I be thankful, if even for a short time only, I am spared what I so much feared this morning! Who can tell, but the Lord may yet be gracious unto us, and raise our dear son to health? I find it needful to reproach myself oftentimes in the day, "O thou of little faith," and I trust I am in earnest while I cry out, "Lord, increase my faith;" "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

In an interesting letter from Charlotte Wright, received to-day, she thus speaks of a clerical neighbour. "He stretches the hand of fellowship to all those who acknowledge the three R's; viz—Ruin by Adam, Redemption by Jesus, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost." Ah! how much is it to be wished, that such a temper should be felt and cherished by Churchmen throughout the land! We should then hear of no hostilities to the Bible Society,



no protest against the Missionary Societies. All would cry out, "May God speed ye!" Well, this time must arrive, for the promise of God is Truth. "One fold, and one Shepherd."

Jan. 20th. Dear Chev's birth-day. May the work of regeneration be progressing in his soul, and *then* every future birth-day will be a blessing to himself, and all of us!

Feb. 5th. Preparing for a melancholy journey to Derby. I have been obliged to speak strongly against my dear Milly's avowed wishes of accompanying me, for if, in her present critical state of recovery, any accident was to occur from travelling, I should ever condemn myself for acquiescing to her wishes, natural as they are, and affectionately with tears as they were acknowledged. O that my visit to my native town, may be a blessing to some now in it! God often makes use of poor agents, and thus manifests His own glory. Perhaps he will employ me. Amen.

Derby, March 4th. Upon telling dear Frederic of the impressive sermon which I had heard last night from Mr. Evans, at St. Peter's, on these words—"Let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me"—he smiled, in the most endearing way, and said, "I know that passage well, I read through Jeremiah last term at College, and I fixed upon *this* text as a most excellent one, and one upon which I would write one of

my first sermons." Poor fellow—as he finished, his countenance saddened, and his eyes were filled with tears; he shook his head, and gave me his hand with much emotion. Oh! my Frederic, I think this made thee dearer to me than ever. Oh! that he might be spared, and that I might hear this sermon from his lips: but let me be patient!

March 9th. This eighteenth anniversary of my dear mother's death, has been rendered ever memorable to me, by the afflicting circumstances which have brought me to Derby. My relation, Emma Darwin, is now lying in her coffins, but a few doors from this house, and I have been expecting this day, the death of my beloved Frederic. It is a heavy trial to me, God knows, to mark the fading countenance, and wasted form, of one, whose bright examples, and whose future eminence, in feeding the lambs of Christ, I had often and fondly anticipated, as great blessings in store for all my family. But my God has wise and gracious reasons for His conduct, and it is my duty to be patient, prayerful, and not lacking in faith.

What agonies has my dear Frederic sustained to day! What dreadful, deep-fetched groans, his immense pain compelled him to utter! And yet, what has been his language? "If I am supported by God, I do not mind the pains." "All is sent from a God of love." "All these pains are the consequences of sin." He said, holding affectionately my hands, "*Increase* your prayers for me, I *would* pray a great deal for myself, but I can do very

little in this way, only now and then a few short broken sentences." He frequently lamented that he could not stifle his groans, but the immense pain forced him to cry out. O! what groans; they were *deeper* than all the language of poetry can describe. Yet how wonderfully was he supported, no murmur, no petulance, no fretful impatience of deliverance escaped him, and when the deliverance came, how pleasant his voice, and even cheerful his manner.

April 10th. During the evening of the 8th, my Frederic became very restless, but maintained a prayerful spirit, and continued at intervals saying, "Lord Jesus take me, take me to thyself." Once he said, "Remove my doubts, allay my fears," and on being asked if he had doubts, he said with energy, "I have no doubt of my Saviour's willingness and power, I only feel doubt as to the depth and extent of my own penitence before Him." In the night he asked if Dr. Bent was still in the next room, and on being told he was, he said, "Tell him to come and see me." When Dr. Bent came in, he said, "You have never deceived me, how do you find me *now*?" he replied, "I have *never* deceived you, and I think your energies are sinking." Frederic then said, "Stay, and see me die." In about half an hour he appeared dozing, and he said, after a short sleep, "*My Saviour.*" These were the last words our beloved son was heard to utter, and at three o'clock he calmly expired. So gently did his spirit flee away, that although Harriet had hold of his hand, he was gone, a minute or more, before we were aware of his flight to the society of the blessed

in Jesus. There he is now, I have no doubt, and there he is blessed, and will be so for ever and ever. It was a strange, awful moment, when we clearly ascertained that he was gone: oh! my soul, the earth seemed to be sinking from under thee; and while we beheld his most interesting countenance so sweetly at rest on its pillow, with a kind of smile upon his half-opened lips, it was impossible to check our lamentation and tears. It was a period in my life that can never be forgotten while existence and memory survive: and may it please God, to sanctify all our sorrows and pains to the eternal benefit of our souls! Yea, may it please that blessed God, who enabled my dear Frederic not only to bear *such* an illness *without* murmuring, but even with this honest, heart-fetched confession, "All is from a God of love," to teach us who survive, to repent of every sin, to believe the whole of the Gospel, and to *evidence* our constant, unmixed dependance on Jesus, by our conversation and lives. Oh! my dear Frederic, when the hand that writes this shall be shrunk and cold as thy dear hand was this morning when I pressed it; may *my heart* be *fixed* on the Lord Jesus, as *thine has been* through thy long and most afflicting illness! O when I die may thy blessed spirit meet and welcome thy father's spirit at the gate of eternity!

April 15th. To-day I have seen my blessed son's coffin placed close to that of my dear mother's. May we, according to his own heaven-taught prayer, "meet him in glory."

*Blackpool.* October. The last four months of my life have passed away, in respect of inward trials and conflicts, much like many of their predecessors. The day, has witnessed my distress, and the night, can bear abundant testimony to the malicious attacks of Satan, in my helpless state of dreaming; yet, (bless the Lord, O my soul) I have, in *every instance* of Satan's artful and cruel warfare, been enabled to rise from my bed with the full purpose of prayer in my heart; and after every supplication to my God, through Jesus Christ, in the midst of mid-night darkness, have I been comforted by the good Spirit, THE COMFORTER. I am thus taught two things in particular, namely, an expectation of the *persevering* efforts of mischief, on the part of my old master and tyrant, the Devil, and a glorious, consolatory hope, of *continued* help from the Holy Ghost, against all the powers of Hell. I am resolved therefore, by the grace of God, who is my rock and defence, to fight on, to resist temptations, to be more and more earnest in prayer; and with much secret lifting up of my soul, during my worldly occupations, each day, to my only Redeemer; to cast my cares upon Him, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In addition to common mercies in abundance, I have recently been favoured with some very extraordinary ones. The complete restoration of my dear wife to the entire use of her limbs; the circumstance of her being enabled to walk for miles; to visit the poor; and to offer

up her public thanksgiving, at Marton Church, after an unavoidable absence of seven years from God's House.

*Mackworth.* Jan. 1st, 1819. The sight of Derby, yesterday, filled my heart with a variety of mingling passions. I seemed to hear again my beloved son's groans; to behold his pain-distracted countenance, and to see the sad procession once more move from Mrs. Bannister's door. But, thanks be to God, I was enabled to call to mind his precious faith in that blood which cleanseth from all sin; and to dwell upon that sweet work of regeneration, which was so manifested in my child.

The scenes through which dear Emma Darwin passed were busily again revolving before my eyes and my mind, and I could not refrain from stopping, when I beheld the the windows which witnessed her sufferings and her death. Surely the events of last spring will ever be sanctified to me, and to each other individual who witnessed them.

Jan. 7th. How truly thankful I ought to be, that I was led by the warning of God, the Holy Ghost, in the spring of the memorable year, 1800, to become more careful in the great duty of the confession of *sin*. At that period, I was, I believe, first led to particularly specify my early rebellions against God at Mackworth. School-boy tricks, as the world might call my conduct, I have perceived (thanks be to a teaching God!) to be

provoking, detestable sins against Heaven; and I desire, that to my last hour, I may seek the forgiveness of all of them, through the meritorious atonement of Christ. I trust that my temporary residence here may be productive of spiritual advantage to my soul. Can I look at my friend, George Pickering's house, his garden, and his fields, without been continually reminded of my obstinacy, my idleness, and my sullenness, against one of the kindest masters—the late Rev. John Pickering. Can I contemplate the scene around, can I go into the Church, and mark the initials of my name, cut on the seat of the Vicarage pew, without smiting on my breast, and saying, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” “Remember not the sins of my youth!” In every walk that I take by the well-known brook, the orchard, the meadows, in the lanes, and along the public roads, through different parts of the village, I am seriously admonished by my good God, to remember past times, past events, past sins. I would desire to be *really* thankful in my heart, for these touching admonitions; and to be filled with *unfeigned* humility, honest, *heartfelt* contrition, and *unmixed* faith in the blood of Jesus, as my security from the justice and anger of the Almighty.

I can walk through this village without meeting one familiar countenance, my friend, George Pickering, excepted. True it is, that three or four old people, remember me, and it is a pleasure to me, to visit one cottage, because the *late* owner of it was such a man as I have seldom met with, in either town or country, for

humility, suavity, and yet seriousness of manners; for clear and exalted ideas of God and of Christ; for a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and for practical piety towards his Maker, and christian love towards his neighbour. Though this truly excellent man (Thomas Roome) is removed to that rest, which remaineth for the faithful, yet, as the *present* owner of the cottage, is the son of the late possessor, and seems truly anxious to tread in his father's steps; I have a pleasure in again visiting a house, where the father's mantle appears to have fallen upon the son.

To-day I have read an article in the Newspaper, which calls for the devout thanksgivings of every Believer, "A Bible Society at Paris, under the patronage of the French Government!" This is glorious news. The Lord, make us all unfeignedly thankful! Who can calculate the magnitude of this new mercy, to the present generation of Frenchmen, and to their posterity.

Jan. 9th. My second walk to Derby. I was led more from necessity, than choice, to pass by the iron gates belonging to the Church-yard of St. Alkmund, and I could not refrain from pausing as long as I could, without drawing the attention of the people in the street towards myself. The sight of the Church, and the thought of being so near the remains of my beloved Frederic, made me feel greatly depressed. About half an hour afterward, I returned by the same spot, and surely I can never forget the singular brilliancy of the sunshine, as it spread



over the chancel of the Church. I felt cheered, with what appeared to me, so uncommon a light upon the walls, and I was led by the kind and watchful spirit of my God, to think immediately of the Sun of Righteousness, and secretly to express my confidence that my dear Frederic was at that moment enjoying the bliss of heavenly illumination. I went away, and with truth, I may add, comparatively rejoicing. How mercifully, and yet how undeservedly, does the Holy Ghost, soften our sorrows, and dry up our tears! May I record His mercies, with a faithful pen, and a truly penitent and grateful heart! Never leave me for a moment, nor forsake me for an instant, adorable Spirit!

*Matlock.* Feb. 25th. I am here alone. How different every thing seems when deprived of the cheerful society of my dear Millicent, and our children. What a blessing will it be to terminate our pilgrimage in holy peace, devout penitence, lively faith, and christian love in Darley Dale! As I looked over the church-yard at Darley, yesterday, with my friend, George Pickering, I could not refrain observing to him, "Somewhere here I expect to be buried." Oh that this thought may cross my mind so frequently, as to check all undue attachment to the beautiful scenery around our intended dwelling! It is my desire, as it has been more than twice my prayer, that I may not lay out a shilling there from pride, and fashionable extravagance. I wish to make all things decent and comfortable; and to improve the possession by planting, draining, &c. &c., that it may be

rendered much more valuable to our family, whether it is retained, or sold at my death. The thought of the work of my hands, in the fields, and in the garden, benefitting my dear wife and my dear children, will be animating and sweet; and will be accompanied, I hope, with *many a secret prayer* to God on their account. The silent converse of the heart, with its divine Maker and Saviour, seemed to be much valued by an interesting old man of seventy-four, from Wirksworth, with whom I walked from the bridge, at Matlock, to Darley Dale. May I, in the language of beloved Frederic, meet this unknown companion of my walk, in glory, when this life is past. I remember falling in with an apparently similar character in the lane leading from Newborough church, towards Hoare-Cross. May I profit by these, as well as every other mercy from God. Let us be kind to all, but let us love those who appear to belong to the household of faith.

The Priory. April 8th. This is the anniversary of a night greatly to be remembered. A slight review of the papers respecting my ever dear Frederic's last day and night, will shew how awakening, how affecting was the close of his earthly career. The work of regeneration was then rapidly completing, and his soul was washed clean through his dear Saviour's blood, before it fled from its mortal prison. Never, never whilst the power of recollection remains, shall I forget thy last day and night—my beloved Frederic. Thou art gone from darkness to light, from sin to holiness, from Earth to

Paradise! Thy poor sinful father has yet to toil through an evil world, to endure sore conflicts from indwelling corruption, to suffer bitterly at times from the buffetings of Satan. The same Redeemer who rescued thee, can preserve in thy father, an heart alive to genuine repentance. The same glorious God who preserved thee from ever murmuring at His dispensations, and who so wonderfully manifested His divine love and pity for thee in all thy trials and sufferings, can and will, I trust, for Jesus' sake, display the like forgiving mercies towards thy father. Amen and Amen.

*Darley Dale.* June 29th. To-day our dear Caroline has left us, and thanks be to God, with all reasonable prospect of as much happiness as seems good for mortals who are hastening so fast towards the confines of this earthly scene. To part with a dear daughter, who, from her earliest years, has given so little trouble, or rather, who has afforded to her parents such solid satisfaction, is painful, notwithstanding her union with a person of her own free choice, and a faithful Minister of God's Word. There are, there must be moments when our loss will be acutely felt; but let us however rejoice and be thankful.

Yesterday morning was the last time of my hearing Caroline her daily lesson out of the Scriptures, and on Sunday she said with her sisters, the collect for the day. Though grown up, being more than twenty, she never was the person to shew the least disinclination towards these lessons with her sisters, uniformly appeared to take

a pleasure in remaining, as it were, upon the same level with them. Blessed be God for that meekness, teachableness, and suavity of mind, which she thus, through grace, manifested before all of us. Last night, leaning upon me with affection, she said very feelingly; "Thank you for having continued to hear me my Testament lesson." Much more could I write upon this subject, but her character is well known in this house; and I believe that at Cosby, she will be found a most affectionate wife, and a godly assistant in the spiritual labours of her husband. The same Spirit which accomplished so merciful, so glorious a work in our beloved Frederic, is guiding and sanctifying, I verily believe, the soul of his sister. Oh! that the same Spirit may guide and sanctify my sinful heart, and the hearts of each individual in this our family! Would to God, that we all were not almost, but altogether christians! The Lord knows my own sore conflicts within, and how Satan torments me at times, but if Christ's grace be not withdrawn, I shall yet escape from all my foes, and finally be more than conqueror.

What tears were shed to-day by my dear wife and children! Surely dear Henry has very strong feelings of affection. May the Holy Ghost guide them aright. Amen. My heart, remember Henry's tears and sobbings, when Frederic's happy death was alluded to on Sunday evening, remember his affliction and looks, when Caroline took leave of him this morning. These little events are calculated to inspire the hope of better things hereafter.

Yea, with God's precious, needful, inestimable grace—all will be well.

Jan. 2nd, 1820. The old year is gone for ever; the new year, ah! who can tell what awaits me and mine, in its dark, and as yet unfolded course. The old year has been to me a very chequered scene of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows. In looking back I see much that requires repentance. Old habits and old tempers have been peering upwards, and they must be slain with the sword of the Spirit, for they are my deadliest enemies. The world looks at the *outside*, and even godly people cannot do much more, but the Lord looketh *into* the heart; and hence I see it my duty to pray fervently, "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, take not thine Holy Spirit from me."

Jan. 30th. The frost is gone, and a gracious thaw has prevailed for some days. Yesterday for the first time, after two months' silence, I heard a Robin sing his song of thanksgiving, and let me make melody in my heart for all the mercies of Heaven.

Feb. 6th. I have a journey planned, partly in necessity, and partly in choice. When at Derby I purpose going into St. Alkmund's Church, where I have never been since dear Frederic's funeral; I think of putting up a little tablet to his beloved memory. A monument should always speak the truth, and then,

under the blessing of God, it may be instrumental to the good of the reader.

March 4th. Blessed be God, for innumerable mercies on my journey, and amongst them let me mention with gratitude, our dear Caroline's health and happiness, and the like blessings belonging to her excellent husband.

March 9th. I am now in an almost daily expectation of a mournful summons to Uttoxeter, for my Aunt Mary's life seems drawing rapidly to a close. What years of suffering and trial she has had, and how often have I witnessed her endeavours to be cheerful in the midst of dreadful pains, lest she should distress others. Surely this was a triumph of grace in her soul. How often have I known her check herself, when led to speak of her extraordinary case and acute pangs, and turn the subject of the discourse by saying, "Come, let us not talk of these things any more, let me be thankful to God for raising me up so many good friends, and affectionate relations, we *all* must have something to try us."

April 25th. On this day died one of the best and kindest Aunts, a nephew could possess. May we meet in glory.

April 27th. Dean Milner said to Mr. Spooner, a few days before his death, as the latter took leave of him, "*Think of the next place* in which we shall meet—mark

my words—*think of that.*” On the morning of the Dean’s death, Mr. Wilberforce, as usual, went to see his afflicted friend, previous to family prayers. The Dean appeared much the same as he had been for many days. As Mr. Wilberforce was retiring, he said, “Pray for me, I am going.” He died calmly, whilst the family were at prayers!

Aug. 26th. I am now fifty years old! My soul, what dost thou see at one glance in the retrospect? On thy part sins innumerable! But forbearance, pity, warnings, consolations, encouragements, and all in abundance from thy God, and Saviour, and the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of the Trinity, is truly a Bible doctrine. I see it most beautifully suited to such a sinner as myself. May I obtain clearer and clearer views of its divine excellence every week, and may I *retain* them gratefully and *practically* to the close of my life.

Satan in his old way has been proving his anxiety to tear me from God. Night as well as day bear witness to his being the “old Serpent,” “the Lion,” “the Tempter,” and “the Roaring Lion.” He has of late, when I have fled for refuge in the night to prayer, insinuated with consummate subtlety, that I may thank him for driving me to prayer; and that his conduct towards me will be a help to my salvation. But I am cautioned to remember that he can transform himself into an Angel of light; and that he lieth in wait to deceive. Is he to be thanked for having endeavoured to murder my soul

from my *earliest* years? No—No. The Lord Jesus is to be thanked; for it is *His* Gospel which so clearly exposes the wily schemes, and deep stratagems of Satan, and unfolds the plans of this great and deadly Enemy of the souls of men. The Holy Ghost, is to be thanked, for it is owing to His awakening influence on my sin-distempered heart, that I am ever able to flee to the refuge of prayer. The glorious God, the Father, is to be thanked, for permitting me to believe and to pray; and for His blessed promise of hearing me *in mercy* for the Redeemer's sake, may I be daily bringing forth the fruits of practical gratitude.

It may be useful to think how many are gone for whom I prayed for at the commencement of this year. Thanks be to God, for leading me to pray for dear relations, friends, and poor neighbours. Left to myself, should I supplicate for His *best* gifts for the sick and dying! Certainly not. Look back and see the extent and quality of prayers at Mackworth, Harrow, and at College! I *am certain* that if ever I pray aright, it is owing to the watchfulness and wisdom of the Holy Ghost; and let not therefore, a vile sinner like me, be self-conceited, and puffed up with some secret, absurd, and lying notions or fancies of *merit in myself*, either on account of the number, length, or particularity of my devotions. Surely I may say that sin always cleaves to my best endeavours, and that iniquity of various and distracting kinds, adheres to what may be called, my holy things.



Should these remarks be perused when my hand is cold in the grave, let every reader know that I have long been convinced of my total corruption by nature and by practice; and that I can neither think, nor speak, nor do what is right for an instant without the sovereign rule, and primary inclination of the Holy Spirit. Lord, have mercy upon me, and *incline* (O just and beautiful expression!) my heart to keep Thy law.

Dec. 11th. The mercies bestowed upon us this morning, at Cosby, after our journey from Darley Dale, during the whole of last night, ought to be thankfully remembered. We experienced a gracious providence, all our long and dreary way, and yet, I could not entertain a hope of our beloved Caroline being found alive. Oh! what a thousand mournful images, and conflicting ideas disturbed and wearied my desponding soul. What fears, what terrors came upon me and on others, as we approached the door; and Oh! my compassionate God, what sudden and unexpected joy transported us, when the servant's voice, so wholly unlooked for at the moment, loudly proclaimed the wondrous and most merciful change in her Mistress's situation! My God, Thou knowest that if I had been alone, and not in the village street, the earth should have instantly felt the pressure of my knees. And now, O righteous Father, let not the first ebullition of thankfulness pass away like the morning dew, but through the quickening power of the Spirit, awaken my treacherous heart, and slumbering soul, to a very frequent remem-

brance of the mercies of this day, as long as I live. May the same Divine Power work effectually on the hearts of all our family and friends.

Dec. 31st. To-night we have had a further account of dear Caroline's progressive amendment. Our faith has been sharply tried; and I can see the necessity of crying out, more and more frequently, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief," "Lord increase my faith."

The year is nigh brought to an end, and oh! what a strange, fearful, and yet instructive and consolatory series of events is seen in the retrospect! What an awful blank the approaching new-year presents, how every thing is wrapped up in an impenetrable veil! "Consider your ways," was the awakening text upon which our excellent Clergyman preached this morning; and may it please God, that *all* who heard him, may faithfully remember the warnings, and the encouragements also, which were so scriptureally held forth, both to the young and to the old.

## CHAPTER IV.

JANUARY, 1821, TO JANUARY, 1823.

DARLEY DALE. Jan. 21st, 1821. As usual, we have had two admirable sermons from Mr. Saxton. Would to God, that I could shut out every thing improper from my roving mind and treacherous heart, when in the House of Prayer ; but in that hallowed place there Satan finds me out, and tempts me in a thousand ways.

Jan. 27th. On Thursday, the Derby Paper announced to us a most melancholy event—the death of dear Arthur Evans, a youth of singular diffidence and Christian humility. The Lord only can support his Parents, and I have no fear for them, as they have for years been born again, created afresh in Christ Jesus.

March 4th. God has spoken to me, I hope, profitably, by the very sudden seizure of vertigo and sickness, on the moor, yesterday. In a moment I found myself reeling like a person intoxicated, when the earth seemed to be in agitation around me ; and nothing but leaning against a wall, and which seemed to be as unstable as myself, with the timely assistance of Mr. Alsopp could have saved me falling on the heath. At this moment I feel some remaining symptoms of the original seizure, and whether it was primarily occasioned by the cold

and wet state of my feet, and a disordered stomach, I know not; but I never experienced any similar seizure before, and for which exemption I desire to be rendered thankful. Oh! how I am reminded of past ingratitude for years and years of scarcely interrupted health. Prepare me daily, yea, hourly, blessed God, for whatever days of darkness Thou hast ordained for me. If Thy grace be with me, then I shall be supported indeed.

March 18th. To-day we have heard two most faithful discourses from Mr. Sim, the most pathetic preacher of my acquaintance. His first sermon was on the fall of our first Parents, and it affected many. His second on the necessity of being born again, through the Spirit. He is, I verily believe, a man of God, and I pray that his labours may not have been in vain amongst us. How sweet, dear, and precious are those periods, when all the best feelings of the soul rise heavenward, and the creature knows himself lost, but feels at the same time saved, through Jesus Christ! The world may smile at this double conviction, but the penitent Believer, when fallen with the deepest humility, at the foot of the Cross, finds within him a joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I sometimes experience short intervals of this blessedness, but soon the world, the flesh, and the Devil, put all to flight. But thanks be to God, it will not always be thus. Through Jesus, I trust, I pray, and I believe, that the day of victory will come, and not to myself only, but to all for whom I feel most anxious. If any perish, the fault must be their own exclusively; for Jesus says, "Come."

April 1st. The sermon yesterday morning, was on the parable of the wheat and the tares. It brought to my mind a memorable field of wheat, at Orgreave, so wearied and overwhelmed in parts, by *Ervum hirsutum*, and *Ervum tetraspermum*. In *that* field to have eradicated the tares, would have been the same thing as to have plucked up all the wheat. What a picture it was of the lusts, snares, and temptations of the world, entwining round the human heart, and from which nothing but the sword of the Spirit can effect a separation! Even if the tares alluded to by our blessed Lord, were neither of the *Ervums*, still that field at Orgreave, afforded a most striking illustration of the active and mischievous legions of Satan, and of the conflicts between the flesh and the spirit. What lessons does nature teach, and how she silently confirms the grand truths of the Bible!

May 20th. To-night we are informed of the increased illness of our friend, Mr. Fowler, of Derby, "an Israelite indeed," I verily believe. Would to God that he may yet be restored, but the case seems hopeless, yet all things are possible with that glorious Being, who has filled our dying friend with lively faith, and sweet resignation to His divine will. How striking is this visitation! Just when the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Begelly, (first husband of Mrs. Fowler) was in his career of usefulness, and living down his enemies, he was called like dear Mr. Stubbs, to share the blessedness of the saints. Now as soon as Mr. Fowler becomes in possession

of his mother's fortune, and is preparing to remove with his family to her late residence, with renewed health and vigour, when I saw him in March, behold the mandate comes, "Set thine house in order, for thou must die." O what a lesson does this teach! May it not be lost on my treacherous heart. May it please God to support Mrs. Fowler, under her accumulation of afflictions! Few women have had two such amiable and devout husbands.

The beginning of this month was rendered very memorable, by the account of the death of that great and good man, the Rev. Thomas Scott. How much I owe to him, or rather to his dear Saviour, and God, and Sanctifier. But the instrument must *not* be forgotten. Where is the wonder that this good man should have experienced sore conflicts in his parting hours? Is the Disciple above his Master? The powers of darkness might well be expected to endeavour to harass and assault one, who perhaps has done more towards the subversion of Satan's kingdom than any other subject, in the late or present King's reign. It was to be expected that the artillery of Hell would be pointed at the retiring Conqueror. But the Lord Jesus was his shield, and His faithful servant is gone to glory. May it be granted that I and my family may frequently thank God with heart and voice, for enabling Mr. Scott to bestow on mankind the fruits of his long, delightful, and blessed labours in the vineyard.

Aug. 17th. I am now nearly recovered from a sudden and sharp illness, and during it I well perceived how little is to be done in hours of sickness. A restless, feverish body, and a head bewildered with pain, or confused from loss of repose, are fearful impediments to calm and serious thought, and certainly no less to the quiet embosoming of the soul, to Almighty God, in prayer. I found I could only pray, as it were, by fits and starts, and even when my heart was engaged in the service of devotion, its attention and earnestness were subject to divers, and almost continued interruptions: so that I could only hope and pray that the Lord, for the sake of Him who died for me, would accept of my unconnected supplications and disordered petitions. Oh! how earnest ought I to be (now restored to ease, and to much of my former health,) in my daily prayers, for pardon and peace, through the blood of the Lamb. May the Gracious Disposer of all things, so effectually animate my sinful soul with His converting and purifying Spirit, that I may henceforth live to His praise, and never fall into any one of those sins, of which I trust I have long repented.

Sept. 9th. Mary Wall's brother is dead, and I hope is in Paradise. His sister will follow him soon, in all probability. Thus consumption goes on mowing down the young, and the flowers in the Cottage, as well as in the Mansions of the rich and noble, sink beneath the sweep of his scythe. *Mors æqo pede pulsat Pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*

Sept. 16th. The security of my wheat during the last week of changeful weather demands my gratitude, and may God by His life-giving Spirit, make me thankful. The season is still rainy. May I continue to pray for *others* as well as for myself; how beautiful is the Apostolic command, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Irritability still to be deplored and prayed against: weakness of faith sensibly felt at times, and hence the necessity of crying out more earnestly, "Give me, O Lord, for Christ's sake, the blessing of a strong, unmixed faith in the Saviour of my soul. Whatever else Thou mayest choose to deny us, Oh! deny not this gift, but grant it to me, and to *all* for whom I daily pray."

Sept. 25th. Poor Mary Wall died last week, and on the morning after I had seen her. I did not think her so near dissolution. She has soon followed her brother, and I heartily trust that they both are saved for ever through Jesus. She told me some months ago, that she had been to hear the Ranters, and that she thought all she had then heard from them was agreeable to Scripture. God grant that they may do good in that wild spot, Matlock Bank, where our friend Mr. G. . . has laboured with less apparent success, than in any other part of his Parish. I have no doubt whatever that *some* good will arise from these itinerant Preachers. They often disturb the calm sea of wickedness, and ruffle it with many a fearful blast; and hence some of the affrighted mariners cry out



for salvation. Oh! what men were Wesley, Whitfield, and Fletcher! Let any one read Southey's life of Wesley, with an *un-prejudiced* mind, and he will bless God that such messengers were sent into the Vineyard.

Oct. 6th. It remains for me to record a solemn dispensation of the Most High. Mrs. B. . . died last week. She has had a place in my prayers for years, and I bless God I can write as follows. Two months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Knight were here, and spoke decidedly of a glorious change in Mrs. B. . . 's religious views. The work I apprehend has been going on for some years. Mrs. Knight asked Mrs. B. . . to tell her *who* had persuaded her to read the Bible so carefully, she replied, "my eldest daughter. Eliza has been the person under God's blessing, who has led me to the love of my Bible, and thus to the knowledge of myself." A good deal more to the same effect passed between Mrs. Knight and Mrs. B. . . ; and here we see again the goodness of God, the watchfulness of God, and the free mercy of God. May it please Him to bless my dear Eliza more and more abundantly with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, and may she be instrumental to the bringing every one of her family to the love of Christ, and to an abiding practical faith in His precious name. Amen.

Nov. 4th. While God, and Jesus, and the Holy Ghost, are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, my life is fast wearing away ; and I often feel my bark rapidly sailing down the stream of time, whose waters terminate

in the ocean of Eternity. This of itself is an awful thought, but it is rendered peculiarly so, when we recollect that the soul is to dwell in that ocean surrounded either with the bliss and glories of Heaven, or the fearful gloom and miseries of Hell. Let me often reflect on the value of the soul for which the Lord Jesus died. Calvary teaches many things, yet chiefly three—the spotless justice of God, the immeasurable love and pity of the Lord Jesus, and the indescribable value of the soul. Let reflections on these things meet me in my garden, my fields, and daily employment: and O, that my communion with God may be frequent and sweet!

I am thinking of writing a Poem, indeed, I have *long* thought of it. I purpose giving it the title of the “Reflections.” May it please God, so to guide my pen, that my labour may be rendered good to my own soul, and of some profit to my readers! Since I left Holly Bush, I have scarcely written a line of poetry, so that the harp will be found at first more than usually out of tune; but I hope the strings by and by will resound to the praises of my God, and Saviour, and Sanctifier.

Nov. 11th. The week which is fled has been accompanied with joys and sorrows, lights and shadows. Day and night *within*, as well as without. Refreshing truly was my friend Cooper’s sermon to-night, Vol. 2, the last discourse. O for a place in that glorious everlasting Rest, which God, for the Saviour’s sake, has prepared for peni-

tent sinners! I have been prevented for two Sunday mornings in succession, by the vehement rains, from going to Church. I do not ever recollect being kept away for two successive Sabbath mornings by the *weather* at any former period. How thankful we ought to be for dry comfortable weather on the Sunday, when we look to ourselves, or think of others! Surely the recollection of the late two tempestuous Sabbath mornings will animate me and mine to livelier gratitude for the privilege of fair Sabbaths in future.

Nov. 18th. Three excellent sermons to-day from our old friend, Mr. Blick. The last upon the character of Jesus, as the *Shepherd* of His people, was peculiarly excellent; and it was pleasing to mark our friend as much in earnest in the parlour, as he had been in the Church. I can never forget that, under God, he laid the foundation in dear Frederic's mind of true religion; and though the fair structure was built at Aspenden, and Cambridge, yet the ground-work was formed at Bonehill.

Nov. 25th. Saint Paul says, "The Devil is a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour," and his rage and hunger after the destruction of souls are always peculiarly keen on the Sabbath-day, because he knows *on that day* the Ministers of God's Word are commanded to be especially vigilant over their flocks. Hence, Satan fears that the stray sheep may be brought back to the Good Shepherd's fold, and that he is thus in danger of losing his prey.

I have been kept from public worship by an accident on my leg, and though I hope that through God's grace the day has not been spent unprofitably, yet how cold and flat the Sabbath appears without the awakening helps, animating comforts, and inspiring hopes which the public service of our Church affords to every faithful worshipper.

Dec. 2nd. A delightful fine and fair Sabbath, but I have been able to go to Church but once in consequence of my accident. Former privileges, if returned, will, I hope and pray, be dearer than ever, and through the grace of Jesus Christ, more practically acknowledged. How easily the pen moves, but oh! how dull and earthly my heart; "Quicken me, O Lord," was David's prayer, and may it be mine to the close of life.

Dec. 5th. If I find it a trial to be much confined to the house, when I could be working in my garden, or my little farm, how much more acute must be the trial to a poor labourer, when he is disabled by an accident from procuring daily wages for the support of himself and family! Let me think of this, O Lord, very *practically*, and as long as I am enabled by Thy bounty to employ Labourers, may I be very, very cautious in stopping their wages, when they are kept at home by sickness or misfortune. Charity, true charity, may here be exercised with much benefit both to the servant and the master; but I must not forget that it is said of true charity, "She seeketh not her own."

Dec. 18th. The Ranters are gaining ground at present, but if the Gospel, the blessed Gospel is but preached, and if sinners *are* led to listen, who shall dare to find fault! We have already heard of one man who appears to be deriving real good from joining their company, and may God grant that many who have hitherto made light of our excellent Church service, and of all religion, may by these preachers be led to a knowledge of their own vileness, and the necessity of an entire change of heart and conduct: and may they seek and strive in *single* dependance on Christ, to become new creatures in the sight of God.

Jan. 1st, 1822. The new year comes in with storms and wind, similar to those which have rolled the vessel of the old year into the ocean of Eternity! It seems a strange custom in England to "dance the old year out, and the new one in," for such is the phrase, and such the practice in many public places of amusement, and in private families. *Serious* reflection would render the approaching death of the old year, and the birth of the new, times of solemnity, and seasons of prayer. For what does *our old year* present on the retrospect? An ample and mournful disclosure of much remaining sin, in the best man alive! Truly, I may say, in my flesh dwelleth no good thing, and every year shews me that, without Christ, there can be no Heaven for me. And what does the *new year* disclose? Little, indeed, at present, but an awful blank—a curtain, which no mortal hand can lift up. And though we are neither to boast of

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to-morrow, nor despair of it, yet still, the awful and tremendous uncertainties which hang over a new year, are sufficient to make every thinking person avoid spending the first hours of its birth in the vanities of the world.

I am still a prisoner from my leg. No public worship as yet for me : but I must pray to be a prisoner of hope, and that in due time, my chains, both of body and soul, may be broken. In my confinement God is very gracious to me in a thousand ways : may I be practically thankful ! O that my heart during every day of this new year, which may be granted to me, may become more thoroughly holy, more uniformly obedient to my Saviour. Never, O Lord, forsake me for a moment, else I fall. I praise Thee, I bless Thee, for giving me so clear a view of my own sinfulness and helplessness. Withdraw not then Thy Holy Spirit from me and mine, no, not for the twinkling of an eye.

Jan. 10th. Still a prisoner. In patience may I possess my soul. Too often in the course of the day, (*once* is too often) I feel fretful within when the pains come upon me in moving about. Those around me may think I am very resigned, but they see not the struggle *within*. They see not how much rebellion is still unconquered in my soul. I will, by the grace of God, pray more and more seriously for *true patience*, and for thankfulness also ; for how slight is my affliction compared with what my sins merit, or with what many, who have not offended as I have done, are called upon to endure. I have

comfortable nights, and much refreshing sleep, a relish for food, and many hours in the day without *acute* pain. I can read, hear lessons, write verses, and, blessed be God, I can pray, though not always on my knees. O how many mercies! Make me, O my God, and Saviour, and Sanctifier, more and more grateful and obedient.

To-night we have had a most joyful piece of news—Edward Cooper, in Orders, and preaching in his father's Church! What a comfort to his dear parents and relatives. May he tread in his father's steps, and be as *sound* in faith, and as holy in practice!

Feb. 17th. After an absence of nineteen weeks from the House of God, I have again been permitted to attend. May I be thankful! The Lord has heard my petitions during my confinement, and now I must be urgent in daily entreaties for *grace* to enable me to use my health and strength in His service.

The Priory, March 6th. Yesterday, the news reached us here of the death of the Rev. John Dewe, of Parwich. I know not the individual who has left the world with a brighter prospect of eternal glory, through the merits of Jesus Christ. It may be truly said of him, that he was spent in his Divine Master's service. As a man of great medical knowledge, and as a Minister of exalted piety, his Parish may well bewail his removal: and long, very long, will his unwearied labours of body and mind for

the temporal and spiritual benefit of his people, be gratefully remembered. "He counted not his life dear, so that he might finish his course with joy;" and he has thus finished it, and is now a partaker of endless happiness. *Laus Patri, et Christo, et Sancto Spiritui. Amen.*

Darley Dale, March 17th. On our return home the saintly resignation and strong faith of Skippers' daughter speak forcibly to us. She said to me, yesterday, "I am anxious to be with Christ. I am thankful to feel that I shall soon be gone. The Lord has been *very* gracious to me. I have prayed earnestly for *you*." I have seldom seen so interesting a young woman, but the sheep of Christ are all interesting, and may *all*, for whom I ever pray, be found in that blessed number !

March 24th. We have providentially escaped a fire, which if permitted, would soon have involved the house in flames. O that as brands plucked from the burning, our souls may escape the flame of Hell ! Jesus is the Deliverer of all who honestly trust in Him ; and the Holy Ghost is promised to them who carefully ask for His influences. How suitable and beautiful is the supplication, "O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God : have mercy upon me, miserable sinner."

That venerable and faithful servant of Christ, the Rev. J. Riland, of Sutton Coldfield, is gone to his rest.



April 16th. Four years to-day since my memorable visit to Mackworth, and the Church, on the day after the funeral of dear Frederic. What a blessed end was his ! “The wicked are driven away in their wickedness, but the righteous has hope in his death.” This was the text from whence Mr. Saxton preached his most spiritual, and very touching sermon on Sunday last. The death of William Bowler, afforded him an opportunity of calling his hearers to a due consideration of the *two* characters described in the text ; and happy, indeed, was the Preacher to avow his well-grounded hope of his departed brother having long belonged to the *latter*. In the course of his truly judicious discourse, he observed, that William Bowler was one of the followers of the Wesleyan Methodists, but still a faithful member of the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ ; and that every thing which he knew of the late character of the deceased, confirmed him in bearing testimony to his holy faith and consistent practice : also, Mr. Saxton observed, that when he saw W. B., after his dreadful accident, he manifested, in spite of great sufferings, (for his leg was fearfully shattered, and he had received a dreadful contusion on the bottom of his back, from the stones and earth which had fallen upon him) a calm unbroken reliance on Jesus, and said, “My hopes are fixed on the Rock of Ages.” To his own brother Thos. B. . . , amongst other interesting remarks, he said, “If I had my religion to seek *now*, I should be lost for ever.” What a lesson is this from a dying man, and how forcibly does it point out the necessity of examining ourselves whether we be in the faith, and of

bringing forth the fruits of genuine repentance, whilst we are exempt from those bodily sufferings, which may preclude us, in a great measure, perhaps wholly, from attending to our souls on a death-bed.

This man was an example of conjugal affection. His wife had been ill for some months, and he carried her up and down stairs daily; and on the morning of his accident, before he went to work, he called at a neighbour's cottage, and said, "Do look in and see how my poor Judith goes on." It was his practice when he came home for his dinner, to fall on his knees in prayer and praise, before his wife and himself partook of their humble meal. What a lesson! What an example! He is gone to *rest* for ever, that blessed rest in Paradise purchased for all believing penitents by the Saviour.

May 13th. The income<sup>■</sup> of the \*Bible Society is upwards of £103,000. This is a glorious event, and it demands the gratitude of every heart that ever heard of the joyful sound of the Gospel of Christ. The Lord has, indeed, smiled upon this Institution. May He bless it more and more, and all other Christian Societies, which have for their object His glory, and the salvation of the human race from the love and dominion of sin!

\* In 1791, Mr. J. Gisborne, became a subscriber to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and he was a supporter of the Bible and Church Missionary Societies, from their commencement. He also, was a subscriber to the Jews' Society and other Institutions, all of which he continued to support till death put a stop to his labours of love. ED.

May 24th. I found my Bible very refreshing to-day, and as I sat under our thorn-tree in the garden, I had some very happy moments; and for such, whenever vouchsafed to me, I pray God to make me grateful. I am more and more convinced that recourse should be had *speedily* to the Bible and prayer, whenever persons or events put us out of the way; and then we shall soon see how much our vile hearts have aggravated those troubles which the conduct of others at first excite. On many occasions, if not all, we may perceive the fault of another acting as a mirror, to shew us two or more faults in our own bosom.

June 16th. My dear friends at Calwich, have a daily place in my prayers! I can do nothing more than pray for them. The additional supplies of sanctifying grace, is all they want, and may they receive these daily, yea, hourly! Their enchanting domain at Calwich, their riches, their friends in Bath, London, and elsewhere, what can all these do for them? Mr. Granville, near eighty, and quite blind! Mrs. Granville, twice attacked with paralysis, and though again in a measure recruited, yet in fearful expectation of a third seizure! O! what affecting changes and reverses have I witnessed in this family since the first year of my marriage. What sunshine then at Calwich, and now what gloom! Yet if the rays of Divine light are breaking forth *within*, the gloom will one day vanish, and the purchased glories of Paradise, for all penitent believing sinners, will be the portion of my aged friends.

July 3rd. We have had an awakening visitation in the death of our dear friend, Miss Morse. She was at Church on the 23rd, and died on the 27th! It is about a year since she was with us, and enjoyed so greatly all the natural beauties of this interesting country. She was a good woman, and is, we doubt not, most happy, through the merits of that Saviour, in whom she fully confided for salvation. May the very unexpected death of our friend, teach us to be more and more earnest in our daily solicitations at the throne of grace, for a watchful heart, and a penitent believing frame of mind, *at all times.*

July 16th. I wish to record the following anecdote, communicated by our friend, the Rev. T. Sandars, yesterday.

The Rev. — Hollifere, was in the habit of walking every evening, when the weather permitted, in the Church-yard, at Wolvey; and in one of these walks of solemn meditation and prayer, a stranger came up to him (for there was a public foot-way through the Church-yard) and requested to be informed of the nearest road to a neighbouring village. Mr. Hollifere, with his accustomed kindness, immediately attended the stranger to a certain point, from whence he could give his directions most advantageously, and at the moment of parting, said, "May I ask you whether you know Jesus Christ?" "Yes," replied the traveller, "I do trust I have known Him for more than forty years."

Mr. H. was so struck with the answer, that he used to say it was almost too much for his old and feeble frame.

I am still unsound in my leg; but Oh! what unsoundness do I discover within my heart—*there* are the bruises and the sores; and the Heavenly Physician can alone assist me in the cure of both bodily and mental disease. May I pray more, and believe more deeply!

July 23rd. Dear Mrs. William Bateman is dying. May we meet her in glory, for there her Saviour will conduct her.

July 31st. Our friends, Mrs. W. Bateman, and the Rev. Mr. Townshend, have left us in this wilderness of sin and sorrow. Of their blessedness in the Heavenly mansion of their Father's house, we doubt not; but we feel for the survivors.

Aug. 7th. On Saturday last, I attended the funeral of dear Mrs. W. Bateman, to Hartington, where, in the old burial place of the Batemans', in the Church-yard, I saw her coffin deposited. After the ceremony, I walked up to Hartington Hall, the ancient residence of the Bateman family. I had heard such frequent mention of this place during my life, that I had often wished to see it, but I little thought a funeral would first lead me thither. Mingled feelings rush into the mind when first we view the aged house of our forefathers; and it pains us to see the simple architecture of ancient times

mutilated and deformed, by modern door-cases and windows; while a venerable tree or two are just left, to point out to us, where their leafy companions once stood. But the *great* idea which rushes into the mind on these occasions, is this, *Where—where* are they who once possessed these premises? O! that they may be in that Paradise of those unfading beauties, dear Mrs. W. Bateman is now a blessed spectator. She was an humble faithful servant of Jesus Christ, and her last words were, “Jesus—Righteousness.” To her husband, she gave many a christian exhortation, to “Keep from the world.” She took leave of her dear and only child, on the Friday preceding her death, and said to her friend, Miss Smithson, “You must make my lamb understand, as soon as he is able, that he once had a mother.” May all of us who survive our late kind neighbour, friend, and relative, be with her in Paradise, when our souls quit their present tabernacles of clay.

Aug. 26th. I am forty-two this day! What greater blessing on this side of Heaven can I desire for myself, wife, children, relatives, and friends, than this? To live and die like the late most excellent Rev. T. Scott, the memoirs of whose interesting life and death, I have nearly finished this evening. Truly *that man* was the faithful servant of God, and the friend of mankind. The perusal of the memoirs will cause many a one to exclaim, “O! that I had been like him at this, or that period—O! that I were now like him.”

*London, Gloucester Coffee-house.* Oct. 24th. To-day I have visited *Harrow*, after an absence from its well-remembered scenes, for thirty-four years: and the whole approach to that place from Sudbury-green, is wonderfully changed. The loss of Lord Northwick's noble Elms, and of other Trees, in and about Harrow, I do lament. There is *one* Elm, indeed, left near to the King's Head Inn, to tell the tale very feelingly to those who remember the Grove, which formerly stretched from its side. The trees in the Church-yard, are happily preserved, and long may they remain embosoming high the interesting, and in many points of view, picturesque Church of Harrow. And Oh! that a Cunningham may *never* be wanted within those hallowed walls.

So many things I have seen to-day of much interest, and so many things of no less moment have I heard to-day, that I am anxious, even in this very unfavourable situation, to record some of them, at least, whilst they are fresh in my eye, and in my heart.

A lively remembrance of roads, trees, ponds, and houses, &c., such as they were in 1788, soon pointed out to me the surprising change and demolitions which man had effected in thirty years; and on the other hand, the various and numerous edifices which he had erected in the same period. I cannot describe my feelings as I looked around me; but as so many things reminded me of my pride, ambition, self-importance, and general depravity, when a school-boy in these classic scenes, I was prompted by the Blessed Spirit to pray, as I walked

about in the Church-yard, for the pardon of all the sins which ever I committed at Harrow, either in thought, word, or deed, great and numberless as they were. In that Church-yard I saw the graves of many whom I once knew, and even respected, but not with christian regard. Observing a tomb rather recently erected, near the chancel window, I was tempted to read the inscription, and was exceedingly surprised to find that it recorded the death of a Mr. Keane, once a scholar at Harrow, and one, indeed, of no common attainments, and as I then suspected a contemporary and acquaintance of my own. Meeting with the Sexton soon afterwards, my suspicions were fully confirmed. He, who was so distinguished for the elegance and spirit of his verse—composition especially, was stretched in the grave before me. The Sexton proceeded to give me the following very extraordinary particulars.

Mr. Keane, accompanied the Misses Drury to Church, last year, and after service as they walked through the Church-yard, he expressed a wish to be buried, whenever he might die, in the very spot where his tomb now attracts attention. On the evening of that memorable Sunday, he was taken so alarmingly ill, that the family of the Rev. Mark Drury, were apprehensive he might expire before he could be conveyed to his friends in London. To them, however, he was carried alive, but he died on the next day; and in a few days after was deposited in the precise situation in the Church-yard, for which he had so lately expressed a sudden attachment! May he have died a true believer.



*Darley Dale.* Dec. 7th. On Thursday night we experienced an awful hurricane for about nine hours, and the rush of water through our house will long be remembered. We have suffered comparatively very little, and may we be thankful. The fury of the tempest was sufficient one might think, to appal the heart of the stoutest sinner in the Peak; but these terrors only last while the danger threatens. Grace, and grace only can render them salutary and permanently beneficial to our vile hearts. Let me remember the fall from my horse, at Cambridge, and my calling in Jesus College, when I was informed of a dying student there. Let me remember my accident in Peter-house, Bath. Let me recollect the breaking of the ice on the Cam, yea, and divers other deliverance, and *how soon*, alas, how *very soon*, my own terrors subsided, and Satan resumed his empire over my affections. O my God, it is good for me to call my ways into remembrance, to commune with my heart, and to persevere in earnest prayer for pardon and peace, through Jesus Christ. Amen, and Amen.

Dec. 15th. There is a dark cloud over us at this time. Harriet and Charlotte (dear and beloved daughters) in precarious health. It is feared that the same disease which was the appointed instrument of removing our beloved Frederic from earth, is making inroads into the constitution of Charlotte. How little was this suspected a few weeks ago! The observations of Dr. Bent, as communicated yesterday to me, by Mr. Poyser, sunk like a weight of lead upon my breast, and I am in

danger of being sorely tempted to repine on the one hand, or positive despondency on the other.

About a week since my dear Charlotte said to me, with a look of great sweetness, "Papa, will you read to me every day. "Yes," I replied instantly, for who could hesitate to so touching a request! She fixed upon Robinson's Scripture Characters. Both my dear girls seemed much pleased with our daily intercourse, and God grant that Mr. Robinson's delightful pages may be fully blest to each of us.

To-day we were favoured with a sermon of singular excellence, from the Rev. R. Gell, on this text, from 1. John ch. iii. ver. 1. Would to God, that this admirable discourse may be an engrafted word on *all* our souls! Mr. G. kindly lent it to us, and our dear Invalids have been much delighted with a perusal; but how much more gratified would they have felt if they had been in the house of God, when the persuasive and devout Preacher delivered it. Such earnestness, such persuasion, and such talents, are not often found in the same man; and I ought to add, such humility and self-abasement likewise.

## CHAPTER V.

JANUARY, 1823, TO JANUARY, 1829.

JAN. 5th. The new year has brought some heavy clouds over our dwelling, but the wise and gracious Lord, who has permitted them to be thus suspended over us, can with a breath roll them away, and say, "Let there be light." The continued illness of Harriet and that of Charlotte, and now the illness of Anne, at Yoxall Lodge, are awful dispensations; and may it lead us (Parents) especially, to frequent believing prayer to God, for His mercies through Jesus Christ. I have many fears about dear Charlotte's complaint, but my mind recoils when it is suggested that they resemble those which proved fatal to beloved Frederic. But I must seek for patience and strong faith, such as David exhibited under his times of trial, before the death of Saul. I am apt to despond. Ah! what unbelief, and ingratitude, and fretfulness do I discover within my heart. Lord, save me, or I perish, fill me with Thy *grace*, or I die. My trials from *within*, (the plagues of the heart) and from without, are many at this period; but I am still favoured with many mercies; and the health and strength of my ever dear wife, and her pious frame of soul, are blessings, indeed. What could I have done for our dear Invalids if their mother

now had been helpless, as she once was for so many years? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and *forget not* all His benefits."

April 3rd. I have been ill and very lame from attacks of fever, cramp, and erysipelas, but I am now, blessed be God, better; and I hope and pray that I may yet recover the use of my limb in time. Ah! what a privilege is it to be able to walk and move about. I little thought of this formerly, neither shall I continue to do so after a restoration is vouchsafed, unless the *grace of God* is with me.

My dear invalid daughters are going on favourably, and my dear Milly is much restored from her late painful seizure in the head. May we be grateful to the Lord.

I have walked out a few yards to-day, and looked at the wrecks of winter, and the awakening glories of spring. What a lesson does a garden afford, if we would spiritualize what it produces—flowers, weeds, joys, disappointments, hopes, fears, wonder, gratitude, prayer, praise, and adoration to Him, who orders all things for the real good of man. The right contemplation, and management of a garden will exhibit and produce in our minds most of the above, and should produce *all*.

June 22nd. A letter from Mr. Rickards, gives rather an unfavourable account of dear Caroline's general health. May it please God to restore her.

July 29th. Sad tidings arrived of the increased illness of our beloved Caroline, and of the apprehended nature of her complaint. May we who love dear Cally, be frequent in prayer to God, and Jesus, and the Holy Spirit, concerning her. O! that God may be gracious to us, and again restore our daughter.

Aug. 13th. On Saturday evening the 2nd, we received, two letters from Mr. Rickards, and as one of them contained a very alarming account of our beloved Caroline, we set out as soon as possible, and reached Cosby soon after four o'clock on Sunday morning. We soon had all our fears fully confirmed, no hope of a recovery could be reasonably maintained. In due time we were introduced to our dying-treasure; and it pleased the Almighty, in His great goodness, to enable her to bear the interview with remarkable cheerfulness. She inquired affectionately after all at home, by name. Except in countenance, she appeared nearly as thin as her brother Frederic had done in his last illness, and truly she closely resembled him in his blessed frame of mind, and *here* is our cordial, and never failing source of joy and praise. Through the remainder of the day, and during the following night, her mind appeared to be under occasional influence of delirium, but it was very remarkable, and very mercifully ordained, that to every question put to her connected with religion, her answer was pertinent and holy.

On Monday, the symptoms were much the same, but on observing my distress, she said, "What is the matter, what makes you so unhappy?" I told her frankly I was so sorry to see her so ill. With sweet composure, she replied, "O, I am not ill, I shall soon be better." Soon after this the warmth of her love and affection for her dear mother was most tenderly manifested—she raised herself, and threw her arms round her mother's neck, and remained in that position for several minutes, until she appeared exhausted. Before this touching scene, and afterwards, she was always desirous of holding her mother's hand. I said to her, I hope we all shall live in Heaven, and she replied, "so do I, I am sure;" and after a little pause, she added, "And *long* together." Her dear Husband put the following questions to her. "Cally, do you love Jesus?" "Yes, I hope I do, and I hope He loves me too." "Cally, *why* do you love Jesus?" "Because He *first* loved me." "Cally, *what* has Christ done for *you*?" "He has saved me from my sins; He has saved me from Hell—how then can you ask *what* He has done for me." "Dear Cally, the heart is deceitful." "Yes," and after a pause, she added, "Who can know it."

Such were the blessed replies which our beloved Cally made, and there were others of a like nature. The above shew enough of her humble, penitent, believing frame of spirit, and may the remembrance of them be kept alive by grace in our hearts. During the aberrations of her mind, she was often repeating holy expressions,

and then talking rapidly about things relating to her Sunday-school children. Perhaps no young person was ever more devoted to a Sunday-school. The Sunday was truly a delight to her. And I well remember what a sweet Sabbath I spent at Cosby, last October. O! my soul, think of that day, bless God, and be thankful. Remember how pleasant was the parlour-service on the eve of that Sabbath, the sermon, the singing of the Psalm, and the melody awakened by dear Caroline's fingers on the piano. O! for an eternal Sabbath in Heaven; O, for a frequent foretaste of Heavenly bliss, in this vale of tears.

The Monday night disclosed increasing fever, and the difficulty of respiration was so augmented, and so much more ghastliness at times appeared on her dear countenance, that we all expected her dissolution every hour during the day. On Tuesday night, her eyes shewed the approach of death, and after two hours of very distressing difficulty in breathing, her spirit (half-angelic, one may truly say, ere it left its earthly prison) fled to its God, and Saviour, and Sanctifier. On Saturday the 9th, we attended dear Caroline's funeral, and saw her coffin placed below the floor of the chancel at Skeffington.

These details may be useful, under God's grace, to some of my beloved family, when I am gone; and, indeed, it is a hope of *this* nature, which has induced me from time to time, to put down many occurrences on loose papers. O! may the blessed Trinity, be pleased to

make them profitable to my dear children! If they are instrumental to the awakening of serious thoughts, and an increase of prayer, how abundant is my reward, and through eternity may I praise the adorable Triune Jehovah, for this and for every other unmerited favour.

Sep. 28th. Two months have elapsed to-day since we arrived at Cosby, on the memorable third of August. It certainly appears a long time since we lost our most dear Caroline. I *now* see the Piano from whence she formerly brought out such delicious sounds. There was an emphasis in her touch, which I shall probably hear no more. Well, she is enjoying heavenly music, not mixed with any thing earthly. She hears and joins the "Harpings high of evangelic praise" to the honour of the glorious Trinity. May *we all* in God's time, help to swell that universal chorus of thanksgiving and adoring praise, with which the arch of Heaven continually resounds.

The Priory. Nov. 16th. This has been, on many accounts, a happy Sabbath to me, and I hope, and I pray, a profitable one to my sinful soul. What a heavenly-directed mind, our dear friend Mrs. Dewe possesses! Such uniformity, and strength of faith in the Saviour! I never saw her superior in these holy particulars. She told me to-day, that some years since, as she was walking towards Darley, under much anxiety of mind, in respect of the spiritual state of her sons, she met her friend, Mrs. Stubbs, to whom she revealed what



was passing in her thoughts, and from whom she received the following pious words of consolation. "Anxious as you are about the salvation of your sons, be assured that the blessed Saviour, in whom you confide, is ten times more anxious than you are to save them."

Darley Dale, Dec. 21st. After Church this evening, we received the unexpected and afflicting news of our valued friend, the Rev. T. Cotterill, being in a most critical state. O, that I may be able to record better tidings than we dare to look for! What a faithful Minister he was at Tutbury, and Lane-End! What a faithful disciple of Jesus at Sheffield, feeding His lambs and sheep with the bread of Heaven.

Dec. 28th. My dear wife's zeal and exertions about the Sunday-school scholars, are causes of joy and thanksgiving. The Lord bless her endeavours to do good very abundantly! Our means are small, but the Lord condescends occasionally to make use of poor feeble instruments in accomplishing his gracious and glorious designs.

Feb. 15th, 1824. The forty-fifth year, since my dear father's death, is gone. How soon I may be numbered with those who are no more in this transitory world, is an awful thought. It is my daily and frequent prayer to be prepared by *Divine grace*, and God grant that *thus* I may be allowed to pray for myself, my dear wife, and family, *and neighbours, (a most comprehensive term*

*according to Scripture*) to the last hour, yea, moment of my life. It is a great and glorious privilege to go out of the world in prayer. Even if the tongue is silent, O, let the *heart* be full of adoration and faith!

Feb. 22nd. Mr. Vaughan's new sermon, on "God, the doer of all things," is a learned production, but it is dry and unprofitable. He has marshaled a well-chosen host of texts, though some few of them appear inapplicable; and an able opponent would soon fetch from the same divine depôt another army, when after many a fierce engagement, a drawn battle would be the result, and the ground contested for, left to future combatants, who in their time, will sigh in vain for victory. Secret things belong to the Lord; and it is a pity that such a holy man, as I believe Mr. Vaughan to be, and possessing such talents, should feed his flock with such barren food. How refreshing to my soul was dear Mr. Cooper's sermon, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved," this evening, after what I read yesterday.

High Calvinists seem to forget that in the history of Pharaoh, it is said twice, if not oftener, that *Pharaoh hardened his own heart*: and surely Mr. Vaughan seems quite to pass by *the pains*, if I may use such an expression, which God took in His *very* often-repeated warnings, and touching expostulations, through Moses, to bring the haughty and treacherous Monarch to a sense of his duty. Doubtless God would have been just if He had cut him off, prior to the deliverance of His first

message by Moses, for in what a series of cruelties had he long persisted against the Israelites ; but the Lord not only by His forbearance disclosed His own glorious attributes of patience and mercy ; but He also provided for the full disclosure of the desperate nature of sin when long indulged, and of His, the Almighty's power, in dethroning the proudest of His incorrigible foes. The Lord will not always strive with man, and when grace is withdrawn, then the sinner is indeed judicially given over to a reprobate mind, and destruction soon cometh. Whom He will He hardeneth. Let us then not provoke the Lord to leave us to ourselves.

May 9th. What a mercy is a fine atmosphere on the Sabbath. Who can say how many hearts have been opened to-day, by the preaching of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified? If only *one* individual has been pricked to the heart, and if that one might have stayed at home unless the weather had been fair, how thankful should this solitary instance of the glorious work accomplished by the instrument of preaching, make every one who hears of it, for sunshine and serenity on the Lord's-day. But in fine weather, we know how our Churches are, in comparison, crowded ; hence what hopes, what joys spring up in the christian's mind, when there is no obstacle from the seasons in the way of the multitude going up to the House of the Lord.

June 20th. On Sunday last, after a long drought, we were visited in the evening and during the whole of the

night, by as gracious a rain, as ever the bountiful Giver of all Good bestowed upon the earth; and the crops in the gardens and in the fields, are wonderfully improved. It happened that in the Psalm for the day was that beautiful verse, (whether taken in a literal or spiritual sense) "Thou sentest a gracious rain on thine inheritance, and refreshed it when it was weary." The prayer for rain was read, and few of us, if any, ventured to think the answer was so nigh. To-day was read the thanksgiving prayer for rain. What an encouragement to frequent prayer does this little history contain. If the Lord is so careful to send us rain for the supply of our temporal wants, will He not be more so in distilling the precious dew of his grace on our thirsty souls? Undoubtedly. O, let us not be faithless, but believe.

Nov. 30th. On Sunday morning I had a distressing dream suggested by Satan, who is a subtle designing enemy; and if he can do mischief in our *sleeping hours*, he is gratified, and especially if we are enabled by grace to fight with success against him *in the day-time*. Oh! what a delightful hour must that be, when a redeemed sinner can say, "I have done for ever with sin, I am out of the reach of all temptation!" There are moments when we have a kind of foretaste of this promised delight, but, alas! how soon we find our bliss vanish, and the necessity of renewing the old warfare against the world, our own hearts and the Devil as imperious as ever.

Dec. 31st. In half an hour the present year will have expired. Awful thought, though many are at balls, and engaged in divers festivities, as if rejoicing to turn their backs on an old retiring friend, wearied with his company, and like the flatterers of the world, eager to pay their applause to a new and rising sovereign. But have *I* never closed the year ill, foolishly, wickedly? The Lord pardon and forgive the writer of these remarks. He is fully sensible of his past provocations, and if he is now rendered, through grace, in *any* degree a new creature, he would desire to ascribe every change in his soul for the better, to the mercies of Almighty God in Jesus Christ.

Jan. 2nd, 1825. Mr. Saxton's sermon upon Samuel's Ebenezer, was most affecting. May it have been blessed to us all! His observations were peculiarly awakening in regard to our being, at the time of his preaching, surrounded by the perishing dust of upwards of five thousand of our fellow mortals. He referred to the Registers here of the dead, and his calculations were, as he observed, under the real numbers of bodies interred in the Church and Church-yard *since* Registers were kept.

Jan. 23rd. My dear sons and my dear E—, are not quite so attentive at Church as I anxiously wish. Poor things, they think me perhaps too precise and harsh; but, O! they do not know how busy the great Adversary of their souls is always in the Church; how watchful to allure the wandering eye, to close the ear from the

reception of Divine truths, and to lead us miserable sinners to affront God in His own House. But I trust the Lord, by the Holy Ghost, will set them right here in a little time, and I am sure I shall rejoice with exceeding joy, if permitted to witness in *each* of them a profound and willing attention to their duties in public and in private worship.

I am anxious to record my thankfulness to God, for his great mercy in preserving my dear wife and our dear Emma, from serious danger, and perhaps destruction, the other morning, at Mr. Slater's, when the newfoundland Dog attacked them. Such an escape from peril demands recollection and *thanksgiving*.

Jan. 29th, 1826. My dear Charles is gone back to Barton Lattimer. His behaviour has been most pleasing. I have never asked him to do any thing without obtaining a pleasant compliance and a smile. He reminds me of his angelic brother, Frederic, very often. May he become soon as spiritual minded as dear Frederic was, eight years ago. O! what an interesting and affecting period of my life—Jan., Feb., March, and April 1818!

Feb. 23rd. Early this morning died Joseph Skippers, my faithful labourer; and a severe loss I have sustained, for in addition to a general knowledge about all agricultural matters, and a diligent application of that knowledge, he possessed a truly conscientious mind. He was an *honest man* in the *highest* sense of that

phrase, for he was a practical christian. He had long experienced the regenerating work of the Holy Ghost in his own heart, and he lived to witness the blessed effects of the same Divine Spirit in three of his children, all of whom "died in faith," since we came to Darley Dale. What a meeting may we suppose these angelic spirits must have experienced this morning in Paradise! May every blessing remain with his widow and surviving son! The former is a devout character; and I trust the latter is well-disposed towards the Truth, and that he will speedily fight under his Saviour's banners, as faithfully as his lamented father did. Amen, and Amen.

Nov. 6th. Of old Mr. Simcox, I could fill a sheet: but it is enough to say, that he appears to be a most eminent servant of God.

Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup>. On Sunday the 12th, died my old and respected friend, Mr. Granville. In the spring of 1793 I first became acquainted with him, and when I took leave of him *last* June, I thought I should never see him again at *Colwick*. The grand question now is, *where* shall we next meet? The Lord God, in His great mercy for Jesus' sake, grant that our next meeting may be on the right-hand of our Divine Saviour and forgiving Judge! With Mr. Granville, I have been favoured with more than thirty-three years of uninterrupted friendship; but my happiest intercourse with him, was in the summer of 1824: for though he then appeared a dying man, yet there was such a blessed humility,

penitence, and faith in Jesus, about him, as I never witnessed before, in my valued friend: and I trust, that through the converting grace of the Holy Spirit, my dear Mr. G— and the sinful writer of these lines, were then, in some saving measure, born again, created afresh in Christ Jesus. And such (blessed be God) I doubt not was the case with dear Mrs. Granville, who lived but a few months after I left Calwich; and whose meekness and conduct at Prayers, in the servants' hall at Calwich, I rejoice to look back upon. *There* I had the happiness of reading and praying for several mornings and evenings. The Lord *make* me thankful on every account, when I call to mind that period of my life. Surely I can never forget dear Mr. G—'s advice to my dear Charles, last June, and his truly affectionate manner. Neither can I forget the clasping of his hand, and his tears, when he said, "I do repent of my sins." O! that the present possessor of delightful Calwich may make a holy use of all those earthly riches and beauties with which that place abounds. May they remember that they are in *reality* only *tenants*, not *owners*, in the sight of God, and that they may be called away soon to give up their stewardship.

Christmas-day. As mild as if it were spring. Violets are in bloom, and the song of the Thrush was sweet this sacred morning.

To-day we had a large number of Communicants at the Lord's table. May I and all who have been allowed



to partake of this feast be rendered more and more obedient to that Divine Master, who says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." I was dull at the table, but not harassed as I often am, with Satan's fiery darts. My old enemy is nevertheless always on the watch to do me an injury; but I put my trust in the promises of my God, who can be gracious, even to me, for the sake of Him, whom I *desire* to know, love, and obey, even the Lord Jesus, my righteousness.

April 1st, 1827. I have thought it right to call the attention of my family this evening in our prayers to our dear Emma's afflicted state, her case seems to resemble Frederic's. How comforting is the thought of the Saviour's unchangeableness! He who pitied the sisters of Lazarus, is still full of divine compassion. He who raised dead Lazarus, is able to raise from the bed of sickness, our dear Emma. He who ever did all things well, must now do all things in wisdom and mercy. He who never afflicts but in mercy, must have a very merciful design in bringing upon us this unlooked for trial, in the midst of those many other trials, with which the present year has been permitted to exercise our faith.

April 22nd. To-day I received the account of Sir G. P.—'s death, and I shall be most thankful, I am sure, if I shall hereafter discover, that he was entirely "born again" before he was called away. The Lord permitted me to send him some books, and he received them kindly.

May their contents have been blest to his soul. At Harrow we knew practically *nothing* of religion. No, as ignorant of the vital truths of christianity as the Poets and Historians of Rome and Greece, and therefore more criminal than they. How evident it is that if any of us think, speak, or do what is right, we are solely indebted to Grace for the change wrought in us. The Lord *make* me and every one truly thankful for even the least emancipation from our natural and corrupt state of sin.

With my *present* views, how gladly should I have found my remarkable dream of last night, as to being myself in the ministry, *a reality!* The Lord make me useful as a lay man! I see many reasons, perhaps some of them, the true ones, why the Lord kept me out of the ministry after I left College. How blind I was! If I now see, let me never cease to praise that God, who for the Redeemer's sake, has stripped the veil from my eyes; and who, by the Holy Ghost, has taught me to abhor sin, and to hunger and thirst after a Saviour's imputed righteousness, for myself and others.

Aug. 3rd. Our dear Henry, we presume, is now on his voyage, in the Lord Cockane, to Gibraltar, and may God preserve him and all his companions, and may their preservation be permanently sanctified to their souls. Alas! how soon we forget the Almighty hand which supports both in body and soul. How deep and how deadly the pollution of that inborn iniquity, which leads

us to overlook our best Friend, our righteous Governor, our King, and Creator! How often is it thus with me!

Aug. 6th. I am now preparing to set out for the Assizes. May the spirit of vital religion pervade my heart and the hearts of all Judges, Counsel, Witnesses, Prisoners &c., who may attend at the County-Hall, on so serious an occasion: for truly an Assize, *properly* contemplated, is a very solemn subject of consideration in every point of view; and should admonish us of the *great day of Assize*, which is fast approaching. "Good Lord, deliver us!"

Sep. 16th. We have had two faithful sermons from our Mr. Simcox, this day. *That* in the morning, pointed out very ably, the grand difference between mere morality and true christianity; but the discourse on the whole was too argumentative for a village audience. *That* in the afternoon was calculated to make *every person* feel that he had many talents committed to him, and for the use and abuse of which he must give a solemn account. The Preacher forcibly shewed that even the poor and sick had talents given them. The poor man was to occupy with his poverty, and to glorify God by his contented frames of mind, and thus set an holy example of trust in the Lord, of patience, honesty, and industry to all people. The sick man also must occupy with his sickness, viz., he must be distinguished for faith, resignation to the Divine will, perseverance in prayer through Jesus.

Oct. 4th. I expect to go to Cambridge next week. I hear many say how pleasant it is to visit the scenes of our younger days; but my visits of this nature are on many accounts bitter, and this bitter *far* exceeds the sweet.

*Cambridge*, Oct 15th. On Friday, after a safe journey, I reached this place. I looked through the Courts at St. John's, where I was once well known, and ought to to have served my God faithfully. As I passed the butteries, a variety of thoughts rushed upon me, and as I went through the second Court, the countenances of many friends, who have passed by me into eternity, appeared to meet me: and some events called forth my prayers and tears. I looked into the third Court, and remembered my dear Frederic's letter written from thence, and which I much value.

On Saturday I spent many hours on Gogmagog Hills, and in Cherry Hinton Chalk-pits, and found some of the plants which I was anxious to obtain. My departed friend, Seward, was often in my mind. Oh! that he may be in Paradise. Cultivation has nigh swept away all the well-known habitats of the rare plants on Gogmagog Hills. I saw the place where some years back I had played with dear Frederic, and I feel a desire to offer up my poor petitions with dear Charles on the same ground, if it can be managed without observation. I spent a short time in devotion, no one seeing me, but God. I then walked through the interesting dingle at

Cherry Hinton, and returned hither in time to hear the delightful organ in Trinity Chapel.

On Sunday I heard two most excellent sermons from the lips of my friend, Mr. Simeon, they made their way to the *heart*, and while they prostrate sinners at the foot of the Cross, they raise both heart and eye to the Redeemer, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

Rothley Temple, Oct. 24th. I have had a most delightful ramble, this day, with Mr. Babington, and witnessed his kind condescension to his neighbours and tenants. Truly he is a Christian, and there is no title like *that*.

Darley Dale, May 15th, 1828. I returned after my memorable visit at Mansfield last night, and I and my dear Chev, were mercifully preserved on our journey. He is left behind. I feel a vacancy now he is gone, which at times is very painful. I am aware it is wrong to give way to melancholy feeling on the present occasion, but I know not how to restrain them at times. O that it may please God to bless him abundantly with His *grace*, for that gift exceeds all others beyond calculation. For Christ's sake, may it *evermore* be granted to him, and to every member of this family.

July 27th. On Tuesday last our dear Harriet was permitted, by Providence, to be married to the son of my very old and much esteemed friend, the Rev. B. Pidcock.

I hope and pray we may live to witness their happiness in all respects. Thus four of our daughters have been married in Darley Dale Church ; but one (dear Caroline) soon exchanged her nuptial state for a more glorious one in the kingdom of that Saviour whom she loved and practically adored.

Aug. 17th. On the 6th I went to Park-Hall, and had the unexpected gratification of a visit from thence to "Aston's airy towers" and Mason's grave. I plucked a little branch from the Yew-tree, planted by Mason, near the Alcove, and I mean to put it in my Hortus-Scicus, and the sight of it will forcibly call to my mind, the events of my memorable visit to Aston and Hartle Hill.

I have before me the prospect of the longest separation from my dear wife, (the spring of 1818 alone excepted,) which I shall have ever experienced since we were married in 1792. But this separation was unavoidable; and may we pray the more earnestly for each other. I feel I could not bear to live *here*, if deprived of my dear Milly's society.

Sep. 8th. My dear sister Bateman's birthday (Sep. 5th) is gone by, the Lord grant to her and to each of her family, His choicest blessings in Christ Jesus!

Sep. 21st. Last Sunday the joyful news from Southrop reached me. May all at Southrop, who are capable of estimating the goodness of the Lord, estimate it fully,

through the grace of Christ Jesus. May all here and elsewhere, who love Charlotte, do likewise: and may the dear infant "be *born again*," in due season. This, this, is the choicest blessing on this side of Heaven. Well might our blessed Lord lay such a stress upon it.

My dear E— seems to take a pleasure in reading in Scott's Bible, daily with me. The Lord bless our readings, by giving His Holy Spirit to our souls.

Sep. 29th. To-night I have been enabled to *kneel* and say my prayers as I did before my accident, five weeks ago: and now I have a good hope that on Sunday next, I shall be permitted by that God, who has so graciously healed the wound on my leg, to attend public-worship. May I use my limbs in his service.

On Saturday next I hope to see my beloved wife again, after a separation of ten-weeks. May we daily through divine grace, prepare for our final separation in this uncertain world, and look forward in strong faith to that holy re-union in another and better state, wherein "dwelleth righteousness." Amen.

## CHAPTER VI.

JANUARY, 1829, TO APRIL, 1835.

JAN. 1st, 1829. After my long confinement of ten weeks, I am again permitted to come down stairs in tolerable health, though weak in body.

I cannot close these remarks without here acknowledging the wonderful mercy of God in giving me such an affectionate wife, such a kind and unwearied nurse in all my sickness, and such a mother to my children. Make me thankful in my heart to the adorable Trinity, our God, our Saviour, and our Sanctifier.

Feb. 8th. I have been to Church this afternoon, after an absence from the House of God for nearly four months. The Lord make me grateful for His goodness manifested towards one who remembers and bewails his past rebellions against the kindest of Masters and Sovereigns.

March 9th. I ought to rejoice, and I do rejoice, at the prospect of a settlement of the Catholic question. May both Protestants and Catholics practically remember that they profess to be the disciples of the meek and



holy Jesus! We, Protestants, should hope that there are thousands and tens of thousands of Fenelon's in the Catholic Church. Oh! this Catholic question has embittered, more or less, almost every heart. I am sure it has given me many pangs, and excited in me such agitations of temper, that while I have lamented and wondered at the want of candour and brotherly love towards the Catholics, as observable in some of my acquaintance, I have discovered great occasion for lamentation and wonder, on account of my own eagerness, and irritability when maintaining my own opinions on this heart-stirring question. May the Lord set it to rest, and heal the wounds on both sides.

March 22nd. Yesterday, died our neighbour and friend, the Rev. S. Slater, and may he be in Paradise with his dear niece, Anne Green, through the merits of his adorable Saviour! Who will be the next? The awful uncertainty which hangs over the question, should teach me and others in our valley to pray with ever increasing earnestness, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

We have sent for Dr. Bent. May the Lord, the great and heavenly Physician both of body and soul, bless the means used for our beloved Emma's restoration. Observing many symptoms in her case similar to those which proved so fatal to our dear, very dear Frederic, we may well be alarmed: but let us hope the best, and be full of prayer. May God abundantly bless the reading of the Scriptures to Emma, and I be thankful for

having been stirred up to the daily performance of this act of duty towards my afflicted daughter.

March 30th. O! what a chequered scene is mortal life! Many are sick and dying around us. What a scourge is sin to us all. Our dear E—is still the same sufferer, and very patient. The progress of the disease seems checked, and that is a great mercy, and we must hope and pray with the heart.

June 16th. A month was completed yesterday since my memorable journey to Birmingham, and subsequent arrival at Harborne. It would be hard to describe what I endured in my walk from the Inn at Birmingham, to Mr. Hodson's house, and from thence to Mr. Ledsam's, where I was told that Charlotte was "out of danger." I eagerly believed the assertion which was so confidently made by a young man at that gentleman's house, but which was ultimately proved to have been made under a false impression. My first interview with my beloved Charlotte soon convinced me, if the testimony of others had been wanting, that there was indeed much to fear for her bodily safety, though, blessed be God, nothing to fear in respect of the state of her precious soul. One of her earliest observations, as she held my hand, was this, "God's ways are not our ways." It was evident to all that she considered herself as on a dying bed: and her inquiries after the spiritual concerns of different members of her family were so pointed, and yet so affectionate, that they appeared to come from a heart most

deeply impressed with the immense importance of eternity, and of a saving interest in the blood of Christ. Often did she say, "Tell my brothers and sisters how much I love them. Tell them, tell them not to defer the work of repentance to a sick-bed—to a dying hour. O! tell how little can be done at such seasons."

From these few recorded observations, how plainly does it appear that the Spirit of grace was in full exercise in Charlotte's soul; and I could mention many others of a similar tendency which dropped from her dear lips on the day after my arrival at Harborne.

On Tuesday night she became more alarmingly ill, and on the following morning, Mr. Hodson pronounced these memorable words, "I am grieved to say, that your daughter is in the most imminent danger—most imminent. She is sinking from the exhaustion of typhus fever. You must let her have the largest quantities of nourishing stimulants which her stomach can bear, so as not to bring on delirium. Wine and brandy as much as she can possibly take."

Thus the whole of that day we were taught to watch and pray as those who were soon to be deprived of what they held so dear. As night drew on, a variety of symptoms were remarked, and such as are usually deemed the fore-runners of death, and my dear son-in-law prayed as usual by his afflicted wife, but with a peculiar and most happy reference to the parting hour, which certainly

seemed to be fast approaching. The sufferer still maintained uninterrupted confidence in her God and Saviour, and was enabled to shew how well she understood, and how fully she approved, of all that her husband had uttered in prayer. About eleven o'clock, Mr. Ledsam, in answer to some questions put to him, observed that, "She was sinking fast, that the pulse was most rapid and most feeble, and that he thought she could not survive many hours, perhaps not *one*. During the last sixteen hours, she had taken two bottles of port-wine, and about half a bottle of brandy, besides a strong preparation of camphor, and to this judicious application of stimulants, agreeable to Mr. Hodson's suggestion, under the blessing of Almighty God, a marvellous change was discernable in the sufferer's pulse, and some other symptoms of a more favourable nature gradually shewed themselves. All this seemed like life from the dead. From this time a slow but progressive amendment was observed, and though there were occasional periods of alarm to those who watched my dear daughter's enfeebled condition, yet we heard, as it were, the voice of our merciful God, saying, "Live."

Oct. 19th. I have of late been a great sufferer from the erysipelas, and I am now preparing for my expected journey to Harrogate. May I hear the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, preached boldly, and yet in love, within those walls, which were unfinished when I was last in Yorkshire. On very many accounts I should have gladly shunned this journey, but it seems a duty to go, and try

once more the effects of the springs at Harrogate. I know not what may happen to me by the way; but I must hope, and watch unto prayer.

Harrogate, Nov. 1st. Isaiah lv. ver. vii. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

Upon this most interesting text, the Rev. Mr. Kennion, preached one of the ablest sermons I ever heard, and may God, the Holy Ghost, for ever impress it deeply on my own sinful heart, and on the hearts of all who composed his congregation. The Preacher after some very pertinent preliminary observations, pointed out divers persons, besides those who were living in gross sins, who must be denominated "wicked:" and he forcibly proved the necessity of all such characters, however high in rank, learning, and the world's estimation, *forsaking their ways*, if they hoped to be saved through Christ Jesus. He then most powerfully demonstrated the dreadful tendency of corrupt thoughts and lofty imaginations of pride against God; and how from their indulgence, actions of the most hateful description arose. He next showed *how, not in our own strength*, we must return unto the Lord. What means must be used, and upon whose teaching and guidance we must singly depend. He then most beautifully described the tender mercies of our blessed God and Saviour; contrasting the patience

and forbearance of Heaven with the daring provocations and rebellions of man. In conclusion he made a solemn and affectionate appeal to all hearts, but singled out, more especially, two descriptions of persons, namely, the presumptuous sinner, and the humble penitent. The pride, ingratitude, and daring of *the former*, if persisted in, must lead to eternal banishment in Hell, and therefore all such characters must be warned of their perilous state. The fears of *the latter*, respecting the number and heinousness of his sins must be dismissed, for God, who is truth itself, and whose forgiveness is not to be limited by men, has declared, "He will have mercy," and He will abundantly pardon: or, according to the marginal note in the Bible, "*will multiply pardons.*"

The above is a faint outline, a feeble sketch of one of the most powerful, and at the same time, most consolatory sermons I ever heard. The Lord make me thankful for the instruction of this memorable Sabbath.

Nov. 7th. Oh! that I may have better accounts of my dear and afflicted Henry. May the Lord answer my prayer, and especially those for his immortal soul, whatever denial as to other things for this life He may see fit to give.

Nov. 8th. I hope that I may conclude my dear Henry is better. May God grant me this great mercy, and may Henry and his Parents be rendered duly thankful through the influences of the Holy Spirit! I have been very

unhappy about the post-hour, for the last two days; and I have been comforted on going into the drawing-room, when I perceived no letter waiting for me. I have, indeed, been lead to frequent prayer, but in spite of every endeavour, my apprehensions, so suddenly excited by my friend, Mr. Charles Dewe's letter, have been very afflicting. But I feel more composed to-night, and I desire to be thankful and believing.

Nov. 10th. The Lord has been *most* gracious: and I hope and pray that He will make my dear Henry duly sensible of the mercy bestowed. May the restoration of bodily health be accompanied with renewal of the heart unto holiness. May father and son be thankful to Heaven, through the influences of the Spirit of all grace and truth!

Darley Dale, Nov. 27th. After experiencing abundant mercies on my journey home, I find myself in tolerable health in the bosom of my family. May *grace* be with me, and with all in this house, and with all for whom, I trust, we daily pray.

Christmas-day. Neither my dear wife nor Emma, could partake of the holy Sacrament this day, on account of illness. Hartley accompanied me to the Altar. May both of us love our precious Saviour better this evening, than we did in the morning, of this holy day! Such should be the regular consequences of every approach to the Lord's table. But *no* such consequences will follow,

if we omit our earnest supplications at the throne of mercy for larger and larger measures of sanctifying grace. The command and the promise is, "Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you."

Samuel Doxey is returned from Nottingham, and very little better. I have had an interesting interview with him. May his cheerful resignation to God's dispensations be mine under *all* afflictions. It is delightful to hear him speak of such multiplied trials as marks of God's favour to his soul.

Jan. 17th, 1830. This evening I have received the account of the death of the Rev. John Dewe, of Breadsall. He died full of faith; and few men have laboured so long and so diligently in the vineyard of that Divine Master, whom he loved, and whom he prayed to obey unreservedly.

I am very anxious to finish my little poem, in order that my mind and thoughts may have less to do with fancy, and more with the realities of my Bible and edifying publications.

May 30th. Doxey's case does not appear to me so favourable. It is consolatory to see him so completely on the Lord's side. Humble, penitent, prayerful, resigned, and ever cheerful under great and continued afflictions. What privileges, and what mercies!



June 27th. It is expected that Henry will remove Doxey's limb, on Wednesday. May the blessing of God be with the patient and the operator likewise. The following were the memorable words from Doxey to myself on Saturday. "I have committed the whole of my case to the Lord, and I feel such encouragement and fortitude, that I cannot doubt of His supporting me and bringing me through. But if He does not do that, I am satisfied my soul is safe with my Saviour Jesus." Such an avowal is a cause of thankfulness indeed.

July 11th. The amputation of Doxey's limb was, through God's great mercy, successfully performed, and all has been going on well apparently ever since, though my ignorance leads me at times into many fears about his ultimate restoration. He was wonderfully supported, and his present state of mind is such, as to call forth the gratitude and praise of his friends, for the grace which is bestowed upon him.

Jan. 2nd, 1831. The new year has commenced, and clouds are gathering about our horizon. The illness of dear Charles, the afflicted state of our valued Mr. Cooper, the accounts of poor Mr. P—, with some other sorrows, have, indeed, clouded the sunshine, but in the Lord Jesus there is support and consolation. May He not hide the light of His countenance from us; and then our afflictions will not only be supportable, but conducive to our humility, repentance, and faith.

Our faithful Curate, Mr. Saxton, reminded us in his sermon, that since Jan. 1st, 1830, no less than forty-nine of our fellow-creatures belonging to our Parish, had been called into eternity; and that it was probable that some would receive a like summons in the present year, who were at this time in apparent health, in Darley Dale; and possibly some out of the number of those who then formed his congregation. Lord, is it I? should be my thought and inquiry. Oh! may I be *daily* preparing *through grace* for my departure! May I hate and abhor all my past sins, and hunger and thirst after that righteousness with which my Redeemer makes captive sinners free! I think, I can say, that *knowingly*, I would not cherish any lusts, any kind of rebellion in my heart against my Saviour's laws; but I am aware of very many corruptions that strive at times for the mastery; and I am well aware that nothing but Christ can justify—nothing but the Holy Spirit can sanctify. I hope this my faith will appear in my little poem, now finished: for gladly, yea, most thankfully would I lead my readers, if I live to publish, to think of their God and Saviour, and the Holy Ghost, in the midst of natural scenery.

Jan. 16th. The accounts to-night of dear Charles are not calculated to excite immediate alarm; but still they are of such a nature, as to excite many fears as to the ultimate issue of his late illness. The Lord be gracious to him.

Jan. 20th. Dear Charles arrived this day. He looks

sadly, and his bodily state is one of much hazard. May it be restored, but above all things may the health of his soul prosper.

Feb. 13th. This day is rendered peculiarly striking to me and my beloved wife, who is set off for Manchester, under the awful uncertainty whether she may find dear Hartley's afflicted wife alive or not. The Nelson Coach is gone by, and no tidings, for which I have remained here, as Hartley promised to write by that conveyance. Poor fellow, my heart aches for him, and prays for himself and his wife; may she be spared, and may these afflictions be instruments in God's hands, of the greatest possible good to my dear children's souls at Cheetwood. I have a fearful apprehension that all is over, and that the decided event has taken place: but Oh! my God; whatever may have happened, increase our faith and repentance towards Thyself; and our christian love amongst each other.

Night. All is over! My dear daughter is no more in this world. She died at two o'clock this memorable morning. May we abound in prayer, resignation, and faith.

Feb. 14th. May God preserve me safe to Manchester, to-morrow. Oh! what a mournful interview awaits me; but I will strive through the grace of God, to bless the Lord, in the midst of all my tribulations. Skippers's memorable words, "Bless the Lord," should be continu-

ally on my lips, flowing from faith in my only Saviour, Christ.

Feb. 27th. I have gone through many painful and solemn scenes since I wrote the above; and the sight of my dear departed daughter in her coffin, I can never forget: most serene and beautiful was her aspect. I trust her soul is in Paradise, through the merits and atonement of Christ. She expressed from the first seizure a conviction that she should die, and often begged of God to pardon and receive her soul. A few hours before she died, she asked for her baby, kissed it, and said to her nurse, "I am sure you will take good care of my child:" and soon after two o'clock she was lifeless in her husband's arms, as he endeavoured to give something to revive her! "May we all meet in Glory," such was Frederic's dying prayer. I repeat it on this occasion with the earnestness and affection of an attached and mourning father-in-law.

Nov. 23rd. On 9th we received afflicting letters from dear Mr. Bickersteth, which lead to our immediate journey to London, and thence on to Acton. On our reaching that place, it soon appeared to us that dear Charles's symptoms were very similar to those which preceded his dear sister Caroline's death, and that no hopes could reasonably be entertained of his recovery. He was frequently engaged in prayer, and often said, "I shall die." In his lucid intervals on Saturday, he satisfied us that he had death frequently in his contem-

plation, and he said, "I shall be ordained on Sunday ;" a memorable expression indeed, for early that morning we were called up to witness his calm departure! Thus our dear Charles was taken from us, when every day rendered him more dear to our hearts. Doubtless, for wise and merciful reasons, the Lord would not allow us to possess our dear son's spirit any longer upon earth. May this solemn warning be sanctified to each of our souls! May we *daily* prepare to die!

Jan. 1st, 1832. The new year has brought me good tidings of my beloved Charlotte's safe deliverance, and the birth of a little grand-daughter. May the infant experience in due season, a second birth unto righteousness! Oh! without regeneration, what good can life do unto a sinful race like ours? Never did penitent and holy David utter a more suitable prayer for the use of all the sons and daughters of Adam than this—"Create in me a *clean* heart, and *renew* a *right* spirit within me." And again, "Cast me not away from thy presence, take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

I little thought, on Jan. 1st, 1831, that ere that year should expire, I should follow a daughter-in-law and a dear son to their graves. And little do I know what awaits me as the months of the *present* year may revolve. Let us all "take heed lest that day overtake us *unawares*." The preparations of the heart are from the Lord. Adorable Holy Ghost, prepare mine, and the hearts of *all* for whom *Thou knowest I daily pray*.

Feb. 6th. On Saturday, my dear wife returned home from the Priory, where she left her dear mother recovering. Mrs. Darwin continued as well, as when Millicent left her, until yesterday, about two o'clock; when sitting in her chair by the side of the fire, she complained of general uneasiness, and on being removed to her bed, she calmly expired. Thus has she escaped from all the trials and temptations of the world; and gone into the presence of that Saviour, in whom she so frequently expressed her *sole* confidence.

March 10th. Thirty-two years have now fled since the death of my ever dear mother. I am at present spared, but let me never boast of to-morrow; yet, if to-morrow arrives to me, may it find me through divine grace more and more the servant of Christ Jesus. O! that whilst bodily health fades, the soul may be daily, yea, hourly, invigorated with precious faith in its Holy Lord and Saviour. Such I pray may be my daily prayer, for myself, my beloved wife and children, our dear relations, friends, and servants: yea, for all mankind.

The times are awakening—Pestilence advancing, and Infidelity not appalled. Let all of us fear the plague of indwelling sin, more than the present infection. The former destroys the soul, the latter the body only. Which then is the deadliest foe?

June 17th. The death of our dear little grand-daughter at Harborne, so lately the picture of health in this house, is an affecting event, and especially to its fond parents:

but in the death of such comparatively innocent creatures, there is much consolation. Alas! we little know how our sinful children may pass through life.

July 15th. Emma and I are to reach Harborne tomorrow. O! that we may find our beloved Charlotte alive; but I fear we shall be too late for an earthly interview. May we all meet in a glorified state, through the merits of Jesus Christ. Of my dear Charlotte's blessed prospects I can have no doubt; for she has been for years on the Lord's side.

Aug. 3rd. On Friday the 28th of July, I had the coffin of our dear little grand-daughter, Emily Simcox, presented to my view in the vault in Harborne Church; and by its side the coffin containing the mortal remains of our beloved Charlotte, who died (to the grief of all who knew her very many christian virtues) on July 20th, aged twenty-seven. It is a consolation to me that God permitted Emma and myself to reach Harborne on the 16th. I shall not soon forget what were my feelings and convictions after my first interview with my beloved Charlotte, her smiles as she said, "this reminds us of old times," alluding to her memorable illness a few years before. During the whole of her illness, the same holy humility, and steadfast faith in Jesus were manifested, as in her former alarming state from typhus fever, and as her mind was *then* greatly abstracted from worldly things, so *now* it seemed completely so. When her husband asked her the day before she died, "Whether she was not looking forward with joy to the meeting

again of her dear baby," she said, "No; my first joy will be to see my God and my Saviour." And on her husband then asking whether her second joy would not arise from seeing her baby, she said, "Yes, my second joy." On the next day being asked, "Whether she was content to leave husband, children, and parents," she replied, "Oh yes, if you and they love Christ." Such were the pious remarks, and saintly admonitory words of our dear Charlotte, and may they be treasured up in our memories, and engraven with the pen of divine grace on each of our souls! At ten minutes before nine o'clock on the evening of the 20th, she most placidly expired, not a groan, not a struggle. I could not but soon remember my own lines—

. . . . So gently fled  
Her half-angelic spirit to the Lord.

Aug. 29th. We have had tolerably comforting accounts of dear Simcox. May the best of blessings be with him and all his! He knows on what arm to lean. He is on the Lord's side, and well may he rejoice in the midst of bereavements and tribulations.

March 3rd, 1833. On Tuesday, Feb. 26th, died my invaluable friend, the Rev. Edward Cooper, of Hamstall. He endeavoured from our first acquaintance, in the year 1802, to be a spiritual father unto me: and I hope and pray that the mercy, pure mercy, of my God and Saviour, which lead me to give attention to Mr. Cooper's advice, as to books, etc., will *ever* be gratefully acknowledged by me. I am aware that I have lost one of the



kindest and best of friends ; but I rejoice to think of his blessed end, or rather of his glorious victory through Christ, over Satan and all his legions, and of his present peace and happiness in the kingdom of Heaven.

Aug. 13th. May God Almighty grant in His love and mercy, that Hartley's present wife may be saved from death when her infant arrives: and may His blessing through Jesus Christ rest and abide on my dear Hartley, Bertha, and their dear children. At times I am cast down with fears, lest another blow should be struck in Hartley's house. O, my blessed God, forgive my fears, strengthen my faith, and hear and answer my prayers for Bertha's safety. Amen.

Blackpool, Oct. 4th. The last fortnight has been one of more than ordinary moment. On Saturday the 21st of Sept., we were plunged in distress by the unlooked for account of our dear daughter Anne's death, at Leamington. We had flattered ourselves that Dr. Jephson's skill would be exerted successfully for her restoration, but our God ordained it otherwise. Perhaps we ought from our dear Anne's last letter to have been less sanguine; for she said in it, "I do not expect ever to be strong again. But I shall be very thankful if I am permitted to enjoy a little moderate health." Oh! my dear and affectionate Anne, I believe thou art in peace and glory through the merits of thy great and only Redeemer; and I feel comforted in the belief that thou wast desirous of being His faithful servant. Oh! that thy death may be every day sanctified to thy husband, and to all of us, who did, indeed, love thee. Amen and Amen.

On the 25th, I stood by the grave of our beloved Anne, in Leamington Church-yard, and there saw her coffin placed "in its narrow cell;" little thinking that at that very moment our dear Simcox was in a dying state. He died that night at Tenby, after a short illness. Oh! what a loss is he to all of us!

Darley Dale, Nov. 10th. On our return hither on Monday, from Warslow, we were apprised of poor Doxey's death, and I thank God, that I was able to shew the only respect in my power for the mortal remains of that holy man, by attending at the funeral on the following day. May God be very gracious to his surviving family. It seems that a day before Doxey calmly expired, he said, "I am on the right way, Jesus is my friend."

Dec. 15th. During this last week I have been able to work a little in my farm, and to visit various of my poor and sick neighbours. The Lord make me thankful. I feel a very growing presentiment that Darley Dale will know us no more, *after* the next winter. May God dispose of us as shall be best for our souls; and may we be disposed *cheerfully* to go wherever He is pleased in His mercy to point out as our home, during the remainder of our pilgrimage. May we learn, as the blessed Apostle did, "*to be content,*" for *here* we are to have "no continuing city." The grace of Christ is all sufficient; and Oh! blessed God, deny us not this precious gift; for with it we are rich, without it we are poor in the midst of earthly abundance.

It is a very unspeakable comfort to see the calm and cheerful tone of my beloved wife's mind upon the prospect of our probable removal. She has been a mother, yea, a faithful Dorcas, to the poor in this parish ; and may others well supply her place, when she can attend them no more *in person*. In prayer she will never forget them whilst understanding remains.

Jan. 19th, 1834. The newspaper makes me acquainted with the death of my old master, the Rev. Dr. Drury, a man of great learning, and of refined taste in poetry, music, and eloquence. I trust he died in full faith, and single dependance on the blessed Jesus. I had a most kind letter from him ten months ago, in reference to my Poem. *Laudari a laudatis viris*, is still pleasant to human nature ; but one word of approbation from Heaven is every thing.

May 11th. So many matters have pressed on my mind since our safe return home, that I cannot now remember all the particulars I had designed to put down on this sheet. The sight of the Ilam Hills, Bentley-brook and bridge (O! what a providential escape my dear sister Bateman had there when the horses ran away!) and Sandy-Brook, awakened many serious reflections. On our road from Ashbourn, what a crowd of events were hurried into the mind as we passed by Clifton, Darley moor, Edlaston, Cubley, etc. Some of them were well calculated to occasion sighs and tears. Every part of the road between Sudbury and Draycott

Cliff, seemed to hurry past scenes of bliss or sorrow before the mind, and as we passed over, "what once was Needwood," oh, what lost friends appeared to meet us from every turn of the road! May they *all* be in Heaven, through the merits alone of Jesus Christ, and may we meet them *there*, through the same Redeemer. At Church-Hill, near Longdon, we found our dear friends, the Cooper's, ready to welcome us; but the loss of *him* who used to greet us with such cordiality was painfully felt. May God bless all of that family abundantly; yea, may He bless abundantly for Christ's sake, *all* our beloved Staffordshire friends.

May 20th. Our dear Emma is married to the Rev. H. Nixon; a marriage which gives me an increasing feeling of pleasure whenever I think of it. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and may He for Christ's sake be ever most gracious to them.

May 26th. Mr. Shirley preached a very affecting sermon at Darley Church, this morning, upon the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," even the Lord Jesus. I don't know when my tears have been so called forth by a Sermon, and I was glad that I was in the pew by myself on account of this infirmity; though I was sorry that indisposition prevented my dear wife and daughter from hearing so touching, and so scriptural an appeal to the sinner's heart, from the lips of our venerable friend.

June 22nd. My old schoolfellow, Abraham Lillingston, (formerly Spooner) has lost his life from a dreadful concussion of his chest; a large tree at Elmdon, rolling upon him, and forcing him down a slope into a ditch. His dying hour was a most interesting one, indeed. His excellent Brother, William, prayed by him, at his particular request, as he lay on the lawn, then expecting his death, amidst his weeping friends and domestics. He expressed a firm hope of a blessed re-union with his family in eternity. What a picture for me and others to contemplate! He came to Mackworth school a few days after I arrived there! May we meet in Heaven through the merits and atonement of Jesus! It is a comfort to think of the goodness of God, in so ordering events, that Archdeacon Spooner was at hand to meet his poor brother's dying request. Oh, that the awfully impressive scene, at Elmdon, may have been blest to all who witnessed it; and to me also, acquainted as I have been with the deceased for more than fifty years!

June 29th. My dear, yea, my most dear wife, being at Warslow, I am in the parlour *alone*. What a change! What a contrast to the cheerful steps and voices of our once large family around me! The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and I desire to say, blessed be the name of my Triune Lord, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

July 27th. My health is better, and the wound on my leg wears rather a kinder aspect; but I must not

expect an early release from suffering. May the good Physician, Jesus, my divine Master, enable me to be resigned, and prayerful. Bodily pains will cause nature to groan ; but if they lead the heart to deeper repentance, and to more earnest hungerings and thirstings after sanctifying grace, and unfading faith in the Redeemer's love, all will be well at last. Satan wearies me, and may his murderous "darts" soon be blunted. Oh! for the shield of faith.

Dec. 14th. We have read in the newspaper a short account of the death of our old friend, Mr. Jonathan Peel, the last surviving brother of the late Sir Robert Peel. He was on the Lord's side; and was continually manifesting such fruits as christianity alone produces.

Feb. 3rd, 1835. On Thursday next, Henry's marriage will take place, with God's leave. May the event be a permanent blessing to him and his wife.

March 1st. The time proposed for our leaving Darley Dale, is rapidly approaching. Perhaps we may be allowed to visit this Parish again, and if so, may we have the unspeakable comfort of finding its spiritual state greatly improved, the schools flourishing, and Ministers and people encompassed with the beat of God's blessings. Amen and Amen.

## CHAPTER VII.

APRIL, 1835, TO JANUARY, 1844.

PARK-HALL, April 1st, 1835. We have been permitted to commence our intended visits to our friends and relations, previous to our expected journey beyond the Tweed; and hitherto the Lord has protected us, and may we experience His continued mercies! Our visit at Tansley Wood was such as we might well have anticipated from a long experience of the kindest attentions, which our friends, the Radford's, have invariably shewn us. May the grace of Christ remain with all the members of that family! Our journey to Park-Hall was without alarm or accident, and may we be thankful! May all here be the faithful servants of God, and may the greatly afflicted domestic in this family be at length restored to that health, of which her youth has been so awfully deprived! Her situation will probably excite herself and others to think more seriously, and to pray more earnestly to the great Physician of body and soul, the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus the poor sufferer, and those who witness her severe afflictions, may derive spiritual and *permanent* good from this dispensation of Providence.

Yoxall Lodge, May 9th. After experiencing the greatest attention and affectionate regard from our friends, at Allestree, Darley, High field, and Osmaston, we have met with at least an equal portion of both, from our dear relatives in this house. For these and for all other mercies we desire to be thankful to that God, who has raised us up so many beloved friends ; who has disposed us to pray that His choicest blessings in time and through eternity may be with *all* of them, and that through the sole merits of the Saviour we may meet in another world, where sin and sorrow are unknown.

Helensburgh, July 12th. Through the whole of our long journey, from dear Hartley's house to this place, we have experienced a series of mercies ; and may the Holy Spirit, for Christ's sake, enable us evermore to be practically thankful ! We have been surprised with the wonderful works of Art which we have beheld at Melrose Abbey, Roslin Chapel, the Castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and many other warlike forts mouldering in decay : but the works of Nature, or rather of Nature's God, have delighted and astonished us. From all that we have heard and read of these scenes, which through God's mercy we hope to visit during the next fortnight, we anticipate even a higher gratification than we have yet experienced since we entered Scotland. A slight accident at Ashbourn, and from the effects of which I am not recovered, may perhaps prevent the accomplishment of an object which I have long cherished, a botanizing ramble up Ben-Lomond, and some other of the Scotch



mountains. Though I shall feel the disappointment acutely, if I am not allowed to climb some of the noble heights in this wondrous land; yet, *I pray God*, to save me from a murmur at His dispensations; to make me cheerful and thankful, if I am permitted to pursue my favourite study in the vallies and woods, and to fill my heart with adoration and praise.

Didsbury, Jan. 18th, 1836. During our continually shifting places of residence last year, I omitted my usual remarks at the close of each week: and now I can only refer to some of the most remarkable events, etc., which occurred during our tour through Scotland, and since we crossed the Tweed. We had not long looked about us in Scotland, when the sad news of Mr. William Bateman's death reached us; then followed that of my still older friend, the Rev. B. Pidcock, then that of another dear friend, Mrs. Cheiland, and then that of our dear son-in-law, Henry Nixon, whose death, as the Bishop of Chester observes, in his letter to myself, was, "a loss to the Church of Christ." Thus have we been most solemnly admonished to *daily* remember, that "in the midst of life we are in death:" and may God grant to each of us thus admonished, those blessed preparations of heart for Heaven, which He, for the Redeemer's sake, has engaged to bestow, "A new heart will I give you;" "I will pour my Spirit upon you." It is impossible for us who have been preserved to the present hour to forget the very numerous mercies with which God favoured us in our late travels. The gracious

preservation of us from those fearful dangers, which so suddenly came upon us, on Lock Katrine, and the surprising, merciful, and most timely interference of the Almighty in our behalf, upon our leaving Fort William, demand from us, who experienced such deliverance, *daily* thanks, and *daily* praise.

For the indulgence and gratification afforded to us in ascending Ben-Lomond, and other mountainous regions, may we be practically thankful! Our eyes were delighted with a review of the noblest scenery in Britain, and our limbs were strengthened for the work which we were anxious to accomplish: our ears were gratified with the sublime "voices of many waters," and my fingers were permitted to gather many beautiful and rare productions from the earth, the garden of God, and to place them in security for pleasant and profitable inspection to the close of life. Pleasant it is, indeed, to turn over the leaves of an Hortus-siccus in the dreary season of winter, and *profitable* is the employment when it leads us to adore (secretly at least) the glorious Creator of the various plants, which He kindly allowed us to gather in the other seasons of the year. Such collections, also, remind us by their faded bloom and dull verdure, of our own fading corporeal powers, and thus they speak to us in death, and awaken feelings and reflections which a Christian should ever encourage; for man is a flower that is soon cut down, and he withereth away like grass.

March 26th. On Monday next, "if the Lord will," we intend to visit Warslow, after having experienced for several months in this house, every mark of love and affectionate attention from our dear Hartley and his dear and excellent wife. May God be most gracious to them and their six beloved children! May all their *souls* prosper, and then all will be well, here and hereafter: and may every blessing be with their servants and neighbours.

On the 19th, died our kind and esteemed friend, Mrs. Walter Evans, an event truly blessed to herself we cannot doubt. Long has she been born again—created afresh in Jesus Christ. Her kind present to me about a year since, of the life of Walker, has been profitable to my heart, and I trust will be more and more so every time of my perusing that holy volume, for such it is.

Barmouth, July 29th. This day is the anniversary of our very memorable deliverance from a state of awful danger, upon Lock Katrine. May the remembrance of our perilous condition for nearly three hours on that Lake, excite in each of us profound gratitude towards that most merciful God, who delivered us out of our distress! O, that the Holy Spirit, from time to time, may remind us of the great goodness of our heavenly Father, and lead us to love Him more and more, and to serve Him better.

Forty-four years have elapsed since I first saw this place. All are gone whom I formerly knew here. I have looked at the habitation where Gilbert Beresford and I passed several weeks, in 1792. O, what changes have I passed through since that period! But has my heart been changed, transformed, born again? Are old things passed away, are all things become new in my soul? Am I *now* daily hungering and thirsting after a full pardon of all my sins from my earliest youth, through the merits and atoning blood of my Saviour? Am I daily and earnestly imploring the never-failing supplies of aid from the Holy Spirit? It well behoves me to put such questions frequently to my soul, for my days of probation must be fast drawing to a close.

The most important alteration in this place, or rather addition to its *real* comforts, since 1792, does not consist in its superior accommodations for strangers, but in the erection of a Church, where strangers ignorant of the Welch language, can now hear the Word of God in their own; and the gospel is most faithfully preached by the Rev. John Jones. Such privileges, and such blessings, has Almighty God in mercy provided for us.

Beaumaris, Sep. 9th. The anniversaries of the birth-days of my beloved wife, and my beloved sister Bateman, in addition to my own, are gone by, and may they have found us growing in grace, full of hearty repentance towards God, and of true faith in our only Redeemer, Jesus Christ. What another year may bring forth, who

can say? One thing however is certain, that whether we live months, or even years, *every day* must find us *very earnest* on our knees in private for the absolute guidance of the Holy Spirit, if we wish to live *happily*. Without holiness there is no *real happiness*; and holiness is a flower that does not naturally grow in the corrupt soil of our hearts. The seed must be sown by a Divine hand, and cherished by a Divine superintending power, and that power is the Holy Ghost. Then blossoms and fruit will follow. May the Holy Spirit never leave nor forsake us for a moment. He well deserves the title which our Saviour gave to Him, "The Comforter."

Capel-curig, Oct. 16th. We have been at this *enchanted* place a few days, yet a Sabbath-day here to an English family, is comparatively, a day of gloom, for there is no service at the Parish Church, but in the Welch language. We have endeavoured to enliven the hours by the reading of the morning and evening services, with two of Mr. Blount's admirable lectures, on St. Peter's fall: but in parlour devotion there is nothing like public worship, with such sermons as my dear Cooper delivered in his solemn and impressive manner, for the awakening of my sinful heart. Yet may we be thankful for having been allowed to do, and without interruption, what we have done.

This is a memorable day, the anniversary of dear Nixon's death. Of his blessedness, through Jesus Christ, we need not doubt, yet we cannot but deeply feel for

poor dear Emma's sad bereavement, and incalculable loss. An awful dispensation truly! May it be sanctified to her, and to all who love her! Amen.

Harrogate, Nov. 18th. We have been mercifully brought here, and we ought to be thankful. The times and the season are gloomy, yet there are some gleams of returning peace amongst the employers and the employed in the Potteries, and other manufacturing districts, and let me bless God for such a mercy, and pray for the peace of our country.

Dec. 3rd. On this day died a very afflicted and interesting boy, James Crowther, about twelve years old. It pleased God to permit his situation to be made known to me; and when the delirium, arising from water pressing on the brain, did not overcome him, he would give me his hand, and express his wish that I should pray with him. On one occasion he reminded me that I had not finished with "the Lord's prayer," and "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," and I was glad to profit by his artless admonition. The last time but one when I was with him, he observed, "We all are great sinners, my father and mother amongst the rest." His father was standing by me at the moment. May God remind him, and me also, of his dear child's most just remark! His faith, as far as could be gathered from the few remarks, which his greatly impeded powers of utterance allowed to fall from his lips, was on his blessed Saviour *alone*. Yesterday I prayed by his bed side, and I thought it must be for the last time, and

so it has proved. Of his pardon and blessedness through the merits of his divine Saviour and Judge, I doubt not. O, that he may welcome me in that kingdom of righteousness, where I fully believe he is arrived in peace!

Ierby Hall, June 22nd, 1837. We have been here three weeks to-morrow, and have enjoyed our situation. We live with godly people, and are within the reach of a pious and very able Minister, (The Rev. E. Thurtell) from whom, and his interesting family, we have received the most obliging attentions, such as real christians delight to manifest towards strangers. For such mercies, and for very many others, may we be grateful to the Giver of them all.

A little drawback, to my promised botanical delights, I have been experiencing for a few days, from a recurrence of my old complaint, erysipelas; but I hope I may, through my God's great kindness, speedily resume my wanderings in this *new* scene, and gather some of the vegetable curiosities with which it abounds, for I have seen enough already to convince me that they are many.

Shap Wells, Aug. 13th. The Derby Paper has to-day announced the sad tidings of the death of our niece, at Stockholm. Our hopes of a perfect recovery had been so strengthened of late, that the idea of a relapse had not, I believe, entered into our minds for some

weeks. Elizabeth, we have every reason to believe, was a christian, and thus her soul is safe and happy for ever, through her Saviour. May the best of blessings be with Mr. Bligh, and the dear infant!

Shirland, July 6th, 1838. I am now (through mercy) rapidly recovering from the fifth attack of my old complaint, since the commencement of the present year. I have been dealt with very graciously. I do not think that the amount of hours of sharp suffering in all these attacks, if summed up together, would reach thirty; and yet I have been confined to bed, and in my bed-chamber altogether, between two and three months. I cannot be sufficiently thankful for seasons of prayer, and much aid from the Spirit, the Comforter, during all my crippled state.

Sept. 2nd. On Tuesday last, and after an illness of only three days, our dear friend Mrs. Cooper, died. Her faith, like that which animated her beloved husband, was simple and unmixed; and I well remember her labours of christian love amongst the poor of Hamstall and Yoxall, in former times. Her husband was a blessing to mankind, and is such to this hour, and will remain such to the end of time, for by his sermons he speaks to the *soul*. They will be read, and admired for their *peculiar* suitability to sinners, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, and they can only perish with language itself.



Oct. 31st. This month has rolled away. It has, like others, been to me a chequered scene of pain and pleasure, of sickness and returning health. Conflicts within and without. The enemy of souls delighting to harass and torment in *that* way which he knows is most distressing, and most calculated to distract us in our devotions. But I shall persevere in spite of all his unceasing enmity, and come off victorious if the Holy Ghost abides with me. O! blessed Spirit, never, never leave me nor forsake me. Thanks be to my God for opening my heart to the desire, and the love of obedience. Help me, Lord, to shew forth my real gratitude, by more and more earnest endeavours after conformity to the gospel precepts.

Dec. 14th. I am now mercifully recruited again; and now my dear nurse, Milly, is attacked with fever and sickness. But *faith* allows of no murmurs, no repinings, at trials sent by a wise and compassionate Heavenly Father. May the Holy Spirit grant unto me his divine aid, so shall I rejoice in the midst of all my tribulations. In spite of my own treacherous heart, and all the cunning wiles of the Devil, the "liar and murderer," as my Saviour calls him, I shall have secret comforts from faith in my Surety, Intercessor, and Redeemer. I know, what is most important to myself, my God knows that I have hungered and thirsted after the deepest repentance of all my sins, after that complete regeneration of soul which the Holy Ghost accomplishes in the heart of the vilest; and that I may maintain, in every conflict, an unshaken confidence in the divine atonement, is now

my prayer, and ever shall be, *through grace*, to the close of my life.

Dec. 21st. My beloved wife much better, though still very feeble. I have advertised for another house, as we *may* want one after Lady-day, for prudence in regard to our health seemed to point out this step as a duty, and I hope my God, to whom this matter has been referred, approves of what has been done; and as the lot is cast into the lap, we very thankfully leave the event to the Lord.

Feb. 3rd, 1839. After having been surprisingly well, for me, during the last sixteen days, I experienced a smart attack again of fever, yesterday, from walking a little in the garden, the coldness and damp of which, have been my adversaries through the summer and autumn.

Wyaston Grove, April 17th. We have been here a full week. Goodness and mercy have, indeed, accompanied us ever since we left Shirland. My dear wife has nearly recovered from the consequences of her sad fall at Shirland, and my own health is such as to allow of my working in the garden some hours every day. In addition to all these favours from a merciful God and Saviour, I ought to notice the glad tidings which reached us yesterday, of dear Sabina's safety, and the birth of an apparently healthy infant; whom may the Holy Ghost regenerate, for *without* regeneration life is no blessing, but *with it* life is an unspeakable gift of mercy, indeed.

Aug. 9th. Yesterday, I saw, and most probably for the last time, my much esteemed friend, Mr. Walter Evans. He appeared in a blessed state of mind. He said, "I trust *solely* in the mercies of God, and my Saviour, Jesus Christ." His end will be, I fully believe, eternal peace through Christ.

Aug. 26th. I am this day sixty-nine. Three-score years and ten, is a solemn period referred to by the Psalmist. May I daily think of it, and be daily prepared by the Holy Spirit, for the call of my God into another world, a world of pure obedience, and consequently a world of real happiness. My health, since I came to Wyaston, has been wonderfully improved, but let me rejoice with trembling, lest I forget Him to whom my gratitude and adoration are due for every mercy, whether of a temporal or spiritual nature.

Sep. 11th. We have this day received an account of the death, of dear Mr. W. Evans, which event took place on the evening of the 8th. Of his blessedness, through that divine Redeemer, in whom he fully confided, and on whose atonement he rested his hopes of pardon and acceptance before God, his family and friends cannot doubt. Few men, of great opulence, have made, perhaps, so conscientious and liberal a diffusion of money, as Mr. W. E., and many will have lost a generous benefactor in his decease.

Allestree, Dec. 2nd. We have, through God's goodness, experienced various comforts since we left our home, and may we be thankful. Gratitude is no native plant in the heart, I mean living, practical, thankfulness to our divine Creator and Redeemer. May it be planted, watered, and much cherished by the Holy Ghost, our Comforter and Teacher, and *then* it will flourish in the naturally stubborn soil of our souls. All has not been sunshine; but who can expect a day without some clouds; for if no *outward* affliction comes upon us, there are troubles *within*, foolish imaginations, evil thoughts, a want of pure faith in Jesus—these and divers other fiery darts from the quiver of the Wicked One, are painfully felt by the Christian; and we have frequent occasion to *whisper* to the Holy Spirit, "Good Lord, deliver us," when we are in company, and cannot pray *aloud*.

Didsbury, March 18th, 1840. We have now been permitted, by a gracious Providence, for the last fortnight, to partake of that affection and hospitality which we have so often experienced, from our dear Hartley and his wife. We hope, to spend at least, another fortnight, at Didsbury, not knowing whether *we* ought to look forward to *any future visit* into Lancashire. May we be very thankful to God for all His mercies to us, on our journey from Wyaston, as well as for those we are now enjoying. But sunshine, without passing clouds, is not to be expected. The tidings which we have from B—, are serious and perplexing: but I often feel as if

the events passing there at this time, would be over-ruled for the spiritual good of J— and his family; and if earthly disappointments and privations, lead to the turning of our eyes inward upon our hearts, and to the bending of our knees as repentant children of God, who can fully estimate the value of *such* disappointments, or the price of *such* privations? Our blessed Lord asks a most momentous question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The believing penitent sinner will thankfully relinquish all his earthly idols for the possession of renewing and sanctifying grace, which *alone* can bring him to his Redeemer, and *thus* to his forgiving and reconciled God. May we all (parents, children, relatives, friends, acquaintances, and our domestics) be thus governed and led on, day by day, towards Heaven!

Stowe Hill, April 27th. We are preparing to leave our most kind friends here, and perhaps for ever, so far as this world is concerned; but I trust that we all are looking forward to an eternal union in the Heavenly regions of pure obedience to God, for where such obedience reigns, bliss inconceivable reigns also. The events of the last ten days will often recur, and I hope with abiding profit, to our minds. Archdeacon Hodson's interesting converse on our justification through, or by the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, the sermons of Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Villiers, on justification by faith in the same Lord, were clear, and very edifying. Oh, let us pray for faith (*more and more earnestly*) through the Spirit's never failing help, and let us remem-

ber that salvation is indeed a *free* gift, for which we neither have paid anything, nor can pay anything. Our best deeds, our very prayers, require purification and forgiveness. O God, pardon the iniquities of our holy things.

Wyaston Grove, Jan. 11th, 1841. We have lately been called upon to adore Almighty God, for His great and marvellous mercies in the preservation of our dear nephew, Matthew, and his two sons, from a watery grave; and for sparing his wife, in particular, from bereavements and afflictions of the most painful character. All to whom Matthew is known, and dear, can never forget the goodness of the Lord, on this memorable occasion. May all rejoice with holy joy!

April 24th. My eyes, alas! are so disordered, that I can scarcely write a word. The eclipse is partial at present (blessed be the Lord) but may it not be *total*, through the rich mercy of my good God and Saviour. Grant, O! Jesus, "that I may receive my sight." Amen.

How dear is my beloved wife, who reads so much to me. The Lord reward her a thousand-fold.

July 11th. I am still greatly disabled from either reading or writing, but my good and merciful Father, in Heaven, gives me consolations, and many precious promises for the sake of Jesus; and may I adore the Trinity in my life, as well as with my tongue.

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to heavy noise and low contrast. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly containing names and dates, but the specific content cannot be discerned.]

How often do I feel, in the course of each day, a law in my members warring against the law of my mind. This conflict will never end but when I die. Yet I must pray that I may finally be more than conqueror through the power, and goodness, and atonement of Jesus.

June 12th. The distance from a Church is a serious evil, now we are old and often poorly; and if we should survive our lease, an abode very near to a place of worship must be carefully sought out for, however short our lives may prove.

July 17th. Goodness and mercy have attended us on our journey to Birmingham, and home again. But we are preparing, with God's leave, to remove for two months, to dear Blackpool; and may this visit to our old and endeared coast, in connection with Dr. Ingleby's advice, be instrumental to my ever dear wife's restoration. Oh! that she may be enabled to worship her God and Saviour, and the Holy Spirit, in our Parish Church, after our return. May we all be mercifully preserved in body and soul.

Blackpool, Aug. 14th. We have been here three weeks this day, and we all have experienced the goodness of God, in our journey hither, and during the period of our residence on this interesting shore. May we be very thankful for past, as well as for present mercies received at Blackpool; and sincerely pray daily for a gracious continuance of the same to ourselves and others around us.



The alterations here, both as to building and the manners of the inhabitants (generally) are great. The simplicity of the place is gone.

Wyaston Grove, Oct. 12th. During our long residence at Blackpool, circumstances from time to time prevented me from committing to paper divers little, yet, interesting events; and now I feel a pleasure in reverting to them. For though, alas! my dear wife has not regained her locomotive powers, as we had fondly hoped; yet still, at this hour, the journey does not appear to have been altogether unproductive of good to her, and Emma's health seems very greatly restored, and my sight has not been impaired by the brilliancy of the Sea, though constantly, in the day, stretched before it, excepting in my walks towards Marton, etc., etc. Thus, in looking back, we may well exclaim—"Gracious is the Lord, and merciful." And surely we had a merciful God watching over us on every part of our journey.

During our former residence, at Blackpool, in one of my walks, in Marton Church-yard, I had met with a grave stone, sacred to the memory of Phœbe Fisher, and upon which her character was briefly, but most touchingly described—"An old disciple." Upon making some enquiries about this Phœbe Fisher, I was satisfied how justly her character was painted in those beautiful words, "An old disciple." She was not far from 88, when she died; and it appears that in the reign of George the Third, a licence was obtained for preaching in her hus-

band's house, upon the Moss-side, about two miles from the Village of Marton. At this period there was no Church at Marton, Blackpool, or South-shore. Here then it may be said, the light of the Gospel first broke forth upon those dreary regions of *Moss-lands*, which stretched from Blackpool to Lytham; and upon which a few humble cottages were scattered, whose tenants were chiefly employed in digging up peat for fuel, an invaluable gift from Providence, to those who were very far removed from a coal-pit.

## CHAPTER VIII.

JANUARY, 1844, TO APRIL, 1851.

JAN. 1st, 1844. The first of January has been made memorable by the increased illness of my ever dear Millicent. But let me not be faithless, but believe that my God and Saviour will order all things for the best. As my trials increase, so strengthen me with holy faith in the inner man.

Jan. 2nd. Yesterday, died, after a short illness, Sir George Crewe, one of the best public and private characters in this County. May his afflicted family and friends be graciously supported.

Willington, May 3rd. We have been here a full fortnight, and truly we may say, that goodness and mercy have followed us ever since we left Wyaston. May we be thankful.

July 1st. Yesterday I was permitted to attend public worship, after an absence of five weeks from the House of God. My illness was, indeed, very sudden, but it

was softened with many, very many mercies. The Lord reward those who were so kind and attentive to me. My recovery is not complete, perhaps it may be in a little time, but I am in the hands of a wise and very merciful Creator, and I desire to be patient, prayerful, and steadfast in repentance and faith.

Nov. 10th. On this day my dear wife has been enabled, through the goodness of her God, to enjoy the *whole* of the morning service in the Church, and may she, and all who love her, be thankful, very thankful. I believe it is nearly two years and a half since such a privilege has been vouchsafed unto her. How often do we find that the Lord waits to be gracious.

Dec. 1st. To-day we have heard of the loss of our dear little grand-daughter, Susan. Dear Susan was to have visited us here some weeks ago, but domestic events obliged her parents to postpone their promised journey to Willington; and now this dear child has gone, we doubt not to that blessed Saviour, who said when on earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of God." We are still in much anxiety about the rest of the family at Didsbury, who are afflicted with the same fever which has removed our dear little Susan from this evil world. May our next letter bring us glad tidings as to the hoped-for convalescence of *all* the afflicted at Didsbury; and may the scarlet-fever be checked in its progress by Him who rebuked the waves and there was a great calm.

Feb. 25th, 1845. We have interesting accounts of the late Dr. Ingleby, and may we rejoice with thankfulness. The spirit of St. Luke rested upon him, and his end was "*peace*." It seems that he was in the habit of holding devout conversations with his patients, and of pressing their attention to *particular* texts in the Bible, as he retired from the sick-chamber. O, that the mind which was in Dr. Ingleby, was found in every medical man throughout the world!

May 18th. To-morrow is the appointed third reading of the Endowment Bill, for Maynooth College. There is no hope of successful resistance in the House of Commons, but the measure may yet be defeated in the House of Lords, and by the Queen's awakened conscience not permitting Her Majesty to sanction it. The Lord reigns, and He is watching over us, and if the measure be hateful in His sight, may He in His mercy to the nation, save us from the fearful charge of sacrificing Protestantism on the altar of Popery!

July 6th. How earnestly we ought to pray for our afflicted friends and neighbours. Surely, if we value *our own* souls, we shall consider it not merely a duty, but a delight, and a privilege to implore mercies from God, through Jesus Christ, for the sick and the dying.

Aug. 20th. My dear wife's birth-day. What better prayer can I offer to God for her than this—May the Lord grant unto my dear Partner, an increase of practical-

faith, and practical charity, every passing hour ; and may every future anniversary of her birth-day, which she may be permitted to enjoy, find her through constant grace, more and more fitted for her blessed Saviour's purchased kingdom. Amen and Amen.

Aug. 26th. The seventy-fifth anniversary of my natal day. What should be my prayer on this memorable day? Grow in grace. A more comprehensive petition cannot be offered in the name of Christ Jesus. O that it may be fully and mercifully answered by Him who has all hearts at His disposal! The infirmities of age are gathering around me, and the loss of vision in my right eye, and other ailments, are mercifully admonishing me, that we fade as a leaf, and that the end of all things is at hand. May I watch through grace more and more unto prayer, and while full of self-condemnation, may I hold fast my single dependence on Jesus, for my salvation. Amen.

Sep. 21. Our dear grandson, Gisborne Simcox, is now on his voyage to Bombay, may it please God to protect him and his companions from the Cholera, which has recently made such fearful ravages at Bombay and in the adjacent region.

Our two other grandsons, Frederic and Hartley, are arrived at Montreal in safety. May the Lord be very gracious to them and to all their recent companions. What an awful spectacle must Quebec have appeared after the late dreadful visitation of fire.

Jan. 1st. 1846. On this day how many important texts of Scripture rush into the mind! "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "My times are in Thy hands." "Set thine house in order, for thou must die." "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation, for ye know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh." "What I say unto you, I say unto *all* men, (whether sick or in perfect health) *Watch.*"

But who is sufficient to pay due attention to these merciful admonitions? No child of Adam in his unregenerate state. Hence the absolute necessity of seeking daily, earnestly, and frequently for that grace from above, which is all-sufficient. May the writer of these lines, and each of his relations, friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, (yea, may all mankind) *be lead by the Holy Spirit* to prepare more diligently for death and eternity, and to look up to Jesus, and to Him only for salvation from the wrath of Almighty God against sin. Amen and Amen.

Feb 10th. For the last two nights we have been favoured with seasonable frost, and thus the unusually forward state of vegetation will be mercifully checked. For nearly two months we have experienced the mildest season ever remembered. Some days since the bees were observed flying about their hives as if in April. But God does all things *well*, though we cannot understand the depths of His wisdom at all times.

March 2nd. On this day in the last week, I was permitted to pass some hours at Yoxall Lodge, but, alas! not with former delight, as my dear brother's bodily state was much altered for the worse since I last saw him. His mind quite vigorous, but the debility about the throat is such as to render conversation a very tiring effort to himself. His soul is in the enjoyment of great peace.

March 23rd. The accounts which we have so often received in the course of the last three weeks, from Yoxall Lodge, have prepared us, in a measure, for an event which we had hoped and prayed might still be distant, but which, alas! seems very near. The Lord has heard our frequent prayers, in reference to the coming event, and He says, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Our dear brother has hitherto been wonderfully spared from severe sufferings. What a mercy! And his calmness, and steadfast faith are the precious gifts of the God and Redeemer whom he loves and adores.

The continued illness of Walter's excellent wife, is a sad addition to our family sorrows, and our sky is dark, and we are admonished to be instant in prayer.

March 25th. Yesterday morning, at an early hour, my ever dear brother entered upon that rest, which through the Redeemer's purchase, remains for the people of God. The loss to his family and friends is great indeed, but the *gain* to himself, through Jesus, infinitely great and



unchangeable. May we and all our family connections thus die in the Lord.

April 5th. Upon the last sabbath, the day after the funeral of my dear brother, the Rev. H. Price, addressed us in the Forest Church, with great devotion, and in a very affectionate manner, from these words—"And Elisha saw it, and he cried, my father, my father."

The Rev. P. Maitland, preached at Yoxall, from these words—"He was a burning and shining light."

In both of the sermons referred to, a just tribute was paid to departed excellence.

April 9th. I must look over my sick list, and mark those names who are no more our fellow-travellers along this evil world. Death has been busy amongst relatives, friends, and neighbours; and who can say *when* the bell shall toll for the writer of these remarks, or for those whom he loves and has been taught in mercy to pray for. How solemn the admonition in the Litany, "In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us!"

Sep. 13th. Our neighbour, Richard Burrows, has lost a daughter of eleven years, but she had, through mercy, learnt to feel herself a sinner, and to express her hope of Heaven, because, as she said, "Jesus died for me, a sinner." The little annals of the poor, how interesting! how affecting!

Oct. 13th. The Fifty-fourth anniversary of our wedding-day. If spared to see another, Oh! may my dear partner and myself be found growing in grace, full of faith in Jesus *alone* for salvation, and abounding in those fruits which *genuine* faith in Christ cannot fail of producing.

Nov. 6th. The anniversary of John's birth-day. May he live to enjoy many more; but oh, that every succeeding one may find him growing in grace, and in the exercise of a living faith in Christ *alone* for salvation. Amen.

May 26th, 1847. We have accounts of the death of our dear friend, the Rev. R. Marks, whose soul was carried to heaven on the 23rd. He was a faithful soldier and servant of Christ's. May we meet him in that glorious world where sin is for ever unknown!

Aug. 27th. I have now lived over my birth-day anniversary, and have entered upon my seventy-eighth year. The grains of sand in my hour-glass are probably but *few*. Well then, O my soul, thou must hunger and thirst after *large* measures of grace, and thus labour to work out thy salvation with fear and trembling. Clouds and darkness hover around me at times from various quarters, and I find it good, yea, very good, to draw near to my God and Saviour and Sanctifier in *prayer!*

Dec. 27th. Blessed be God for enabling me on Christmas-day, and on the sabbath of yesterday, to appear again in our Parish Church, from which my late illness had kept me away for eight Sundays. I am still feeble, but I pray to be thankful that I am so far recovered. Again I write, Blessed be God, and my Saviour, and my divine Teacher and Comforter, the Holy Ghost! Amen.

Jan. 1st, 1848. Upon Tuesday the 28th of December, 1847, it pleased God very suddenly to afflict me with the prevailing influenza, and until this day I have been confined to my bed-chamber, and an adjoining room. To-day (blessed be my God) I have been again permitted to come down stairs, and am, through His mercies, which have been through my illness very great, and are so still, I am daily recovering; and the wounds on my leg are healed—an astonishing mercy. May I ever be truly practically thankful! To be *sufficiently* thankful is not in my power.

Nothing can have exceeded the affectionate and unremitting attentions of my dear wife: and may the blessing of her God and Saviour Jesus Christ, ever be with her, and with each of our relations, friends, servants, neighbours, and acquaintances. Amen and Amen.

March 28th. On the 24th of this month died our dear friend, Miss Mills. It is an inexpressible consolation not only to trust, but to have a *well-grounded*

confidence that our friend is, through Jesus Christ alone, in blessedness for ever and ever. We have also a cause of thankfulness for that christian patience and fortitude which Miss F— is enabled to maintain under her sad bereavement.

July 2nd. Our Henry's dear wife is far from health. May God be very gracious to her, and to all on my sick list! May they be comforted by the Holy Spirit, and all brought closer and closer to the cross of our divine Redeemer. Amen.

Dec. 3rd. We are, alas! likely to lose two faithful servants, but we must not be selfish, nor stand in the way of their union, and I pray for their happiness.

April 11th, 1849. Our two faithful servants are gone. The grace of Christ be ever with them, and with those who now fill their place!

July 1st. A memorable sabbath! It has pleased God, of his great goodness, to permit my dear wife to offer up her prayers and praises in our Parish Church this afternoon, and to stop her cough during the whole of the service, and for some hours afterwards. May a repetition of *this great mercy* take place on the next sabbath, and for Christ's sake, upon *many* future Sundays.

Aug. 20. The weather is fine, the harvest abundant, and *grace* (blessed be God!) is promised to make us thankful.

July 29th, 1850. For more than a fortnight our thoughts, amidst a conflict of hopes, fears, and assaults from within and without, have been employed about the approaching embarkation for Texas. The farewell took place on Saturday. May *we all* meet at last on the "*right hand*" of our divine Judge. Amen and Amen.

Aug. 20th. A memorable day! My very dear wife's birth-day! My daily prayer is that she may survive me; and my special prayer this day is, that she may witness many returns of her birth-day in comfortable health, and surrounded with divers other blessings from her precious God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Sept. 2nd. The last week has been a week often to be remembered by myself with God's leave.

On Monday, the 26th of August, Barzillai's age was mine, and I shall not cease to pray (I would earnestly hope) that *if* I live to witness another natal-day, I may be found, through the grace purchased for sinners by my Lord and Saviour, more humble, more penitent, more faithful!

On Thursday, a *farewell* letter from our dear Harriet, announcing the expected embarkation of herself and family, etc., from Liverpool, as on Saturday. Oh! my God and Saviour, watch over them all!

Oct. 31st. The wounds upon my leg are not healed, but *Barzillai* must expect pains and trials.

Nov. 27th. Great mercies announced yesterday to ourselves and others ! Our dear relatives and friends have reached Galvaston in health and safety, and we trust that they are now surrounded with blessings at Austin.

Dec. 25th. From my long sick list I am now withdrawing the name of poor Miss Jenkinson, of Manchester, for she expired some days ago, and I trust in a blessed frame of spirit towards her God and Saviour, through the riches of the Holy Ghost bestowed upon her.

Jan. 4th, 1851. The new year commences rather gloomily, but let us all carefully "watch unto prayer."

No tidings from Austin, dear E— is again very poorly, though rather better for medical help, through God's mercy to her and to all of us : and my dear wife and I are but poorly. But let us watch the more frequently and more earnestly "unto prayer."

Feb. 17th. I have lived to see another anniversary of my dear father's death—Feb. 13th, 1779, at Yoxall Lodge. If I *should* live to see *another*, oh ! that I may be found more humble, more penitent, stronger in faith, and *through grace* more and more fit for Heaven.

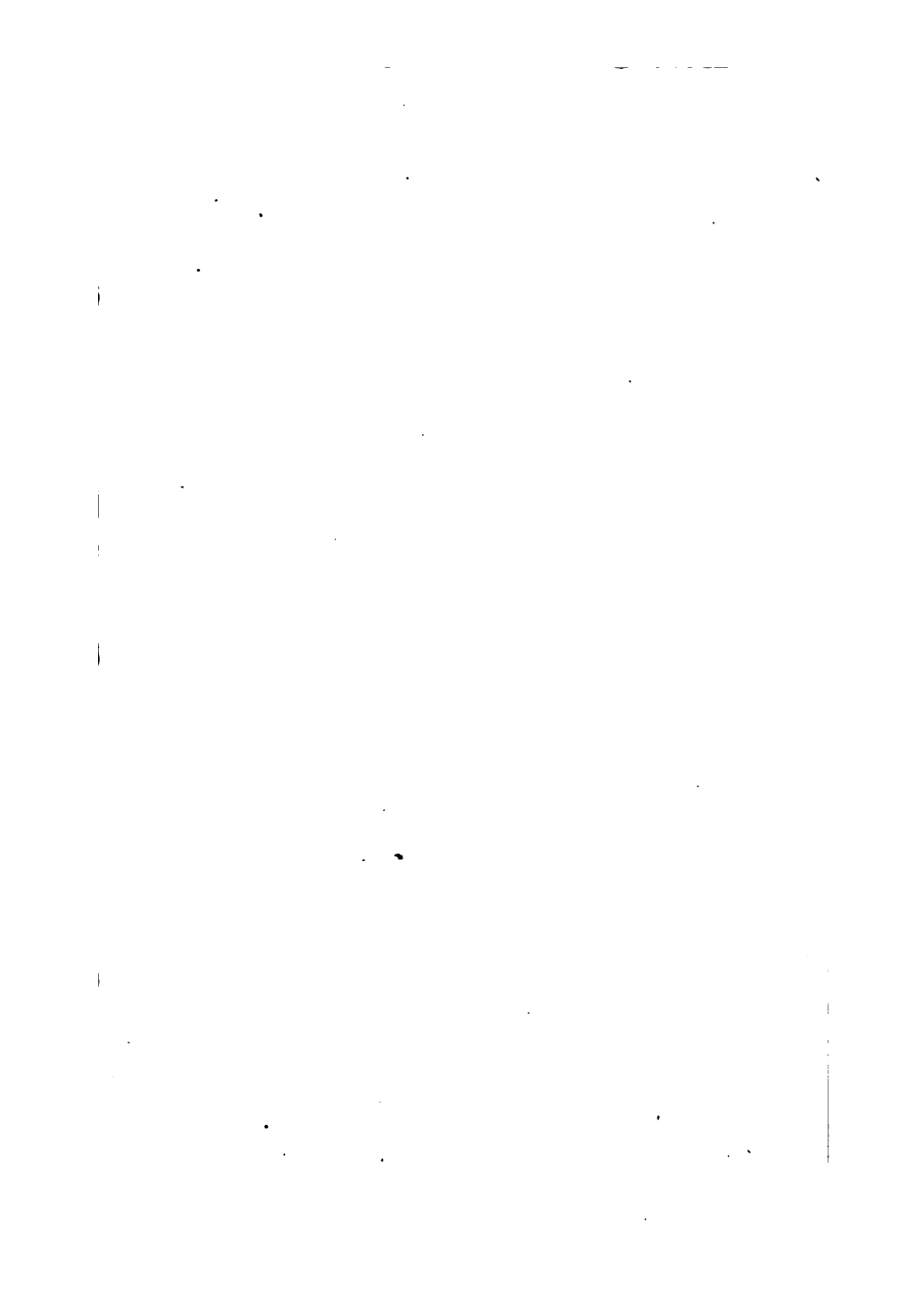
March 7th. A memorable evening ! Remember how your prayers and your dear mother's were answered from Heaven after that blessed day—March 7th, 1800, and be *daily* thankful. *Mæ animæ dies natalis !*

Derby, April 10th. Yesterday was the 33rd anniversary of our dear Frederic's departure out of this evil world, in full faith in the merits and atonement of Jesus.

We are here on our way towards Pentrich. May we all be favoured there with the blessings of the Triune God of man's salvation.

I am much recovered from a late extraordinary seizure from exhaustion on Thursday morning, and may I be *very* thankful to my divine Protector, and those kind friends who came to my aid as I lay insensible on the ground.

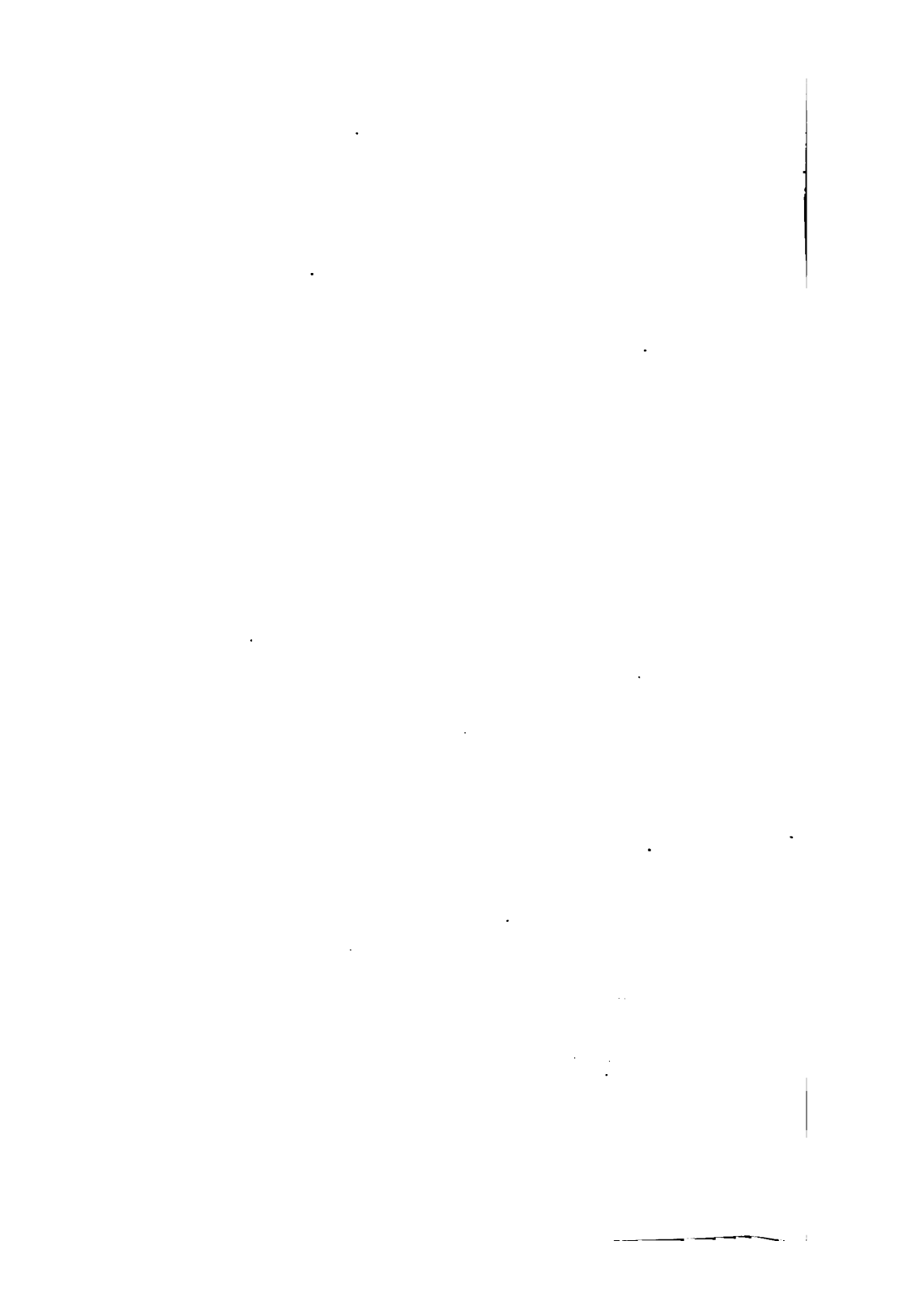
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